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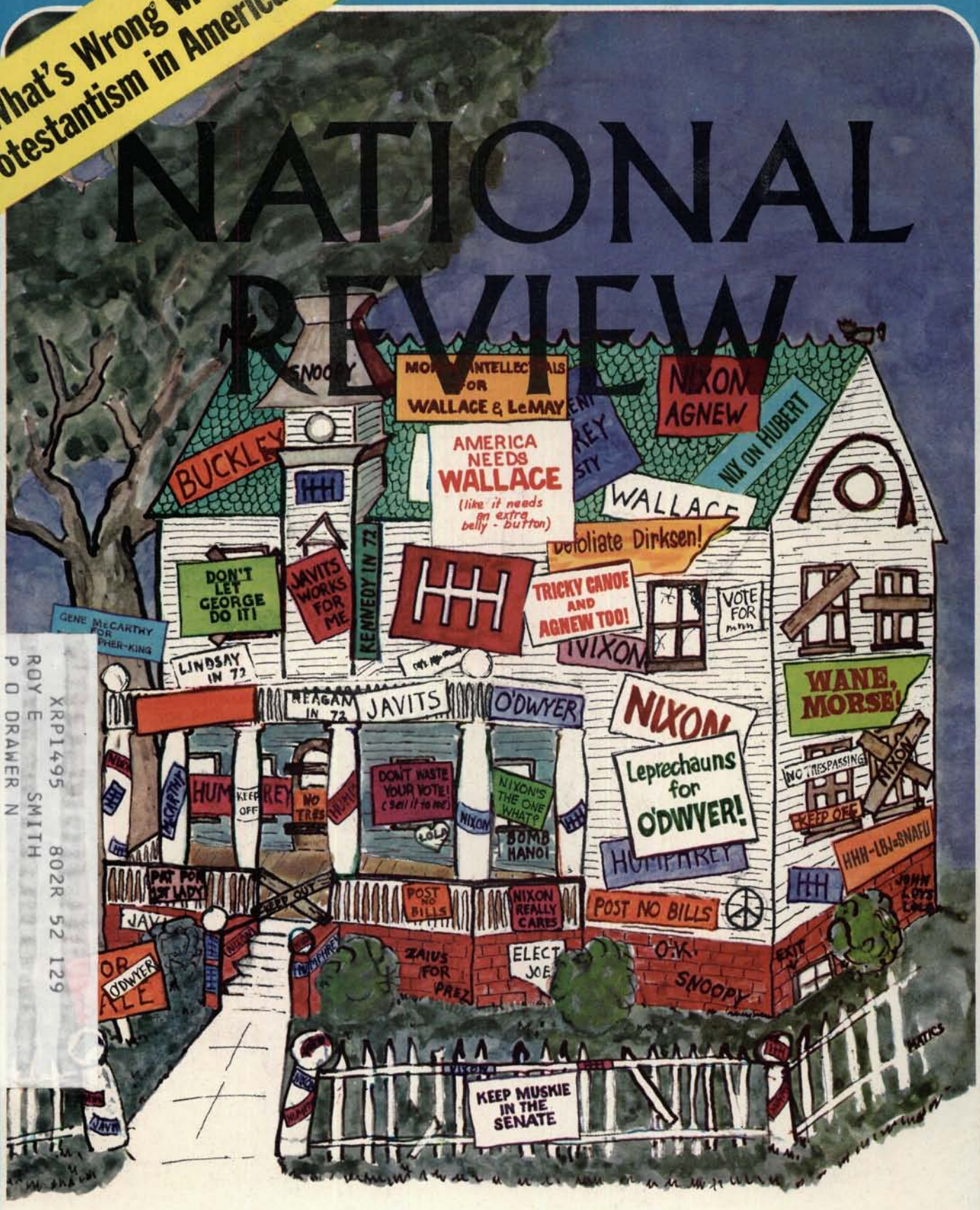
NOVEMBER 5, 1968

What's Wrong with Protestantism in America

NATIONAL REVIEW



What Conservatives Should Look For in the Election

M. STANTON EVANS

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ROY E SMITH
P O DRAWER N

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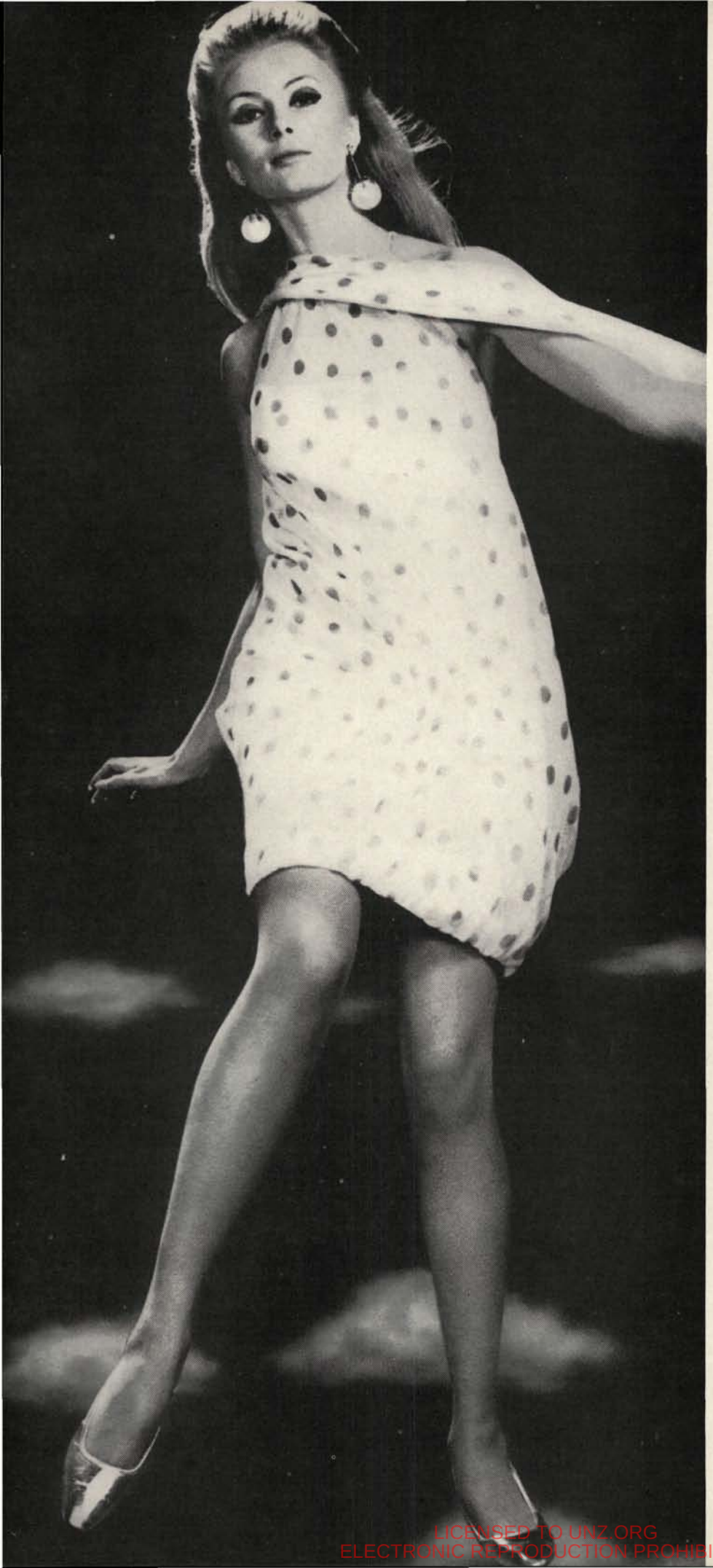

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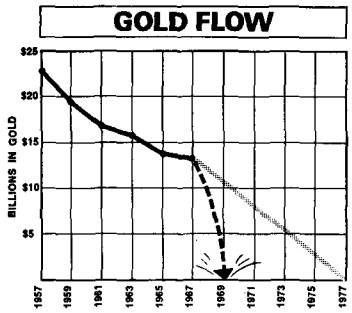
Why the Gold Crisis Could Trigger the Next Depression

AND HOW YOU CAN PROTECT YOUR LIFE SAVINGS

If economist William F. Rickenbacker is right, there may be little time left to convert your holdings to a form that can withstand the coming financial holocaust. In DEATH OF THE DOLLAR, he explains with cool — no, bone-chilling — logic, why he thinks the depression must come. Then he reasons out the steps (the very few steps) that you can take to protect the assets you've accumulated.



THE CHART TELLS THE STORY. Black line shows loss of gold reserves since 1957 as foreigners cash in dollars for gold. *Grey line projects loss of remaining* gold by 1977 IF rate of loss stays the same. But the outflow is sure to speed up. Reason: we continue to spend far more dollars than we can redeem in gold. Broken line shows what will happen as nervous creditors lose confidence and "rush" our government in a panic to "get their gold before it's too late". Then the U.S. must stop redeeming dollars for gold or run out of gold — thus driving the price way up and cutting the dollar's buying power. Will it happen this month? In 1969? 1970? No one knows; it could *happen any time now.*

WHAT A NIGHTMARE! You lose your job or business. You see the value of your stocks or property drop by half overnight. You lose most of your savings. In effect, you must pay twice as much for your mortgage or car loan, *and you can't get any further credit!* The trouble is, this may not just be a bad dream; it could be a FACT.

According to Rickenbacker, *the stage is already set for the worst depression in American history.* It is the current gold crisis that will trigger the holocaust. Nobody knows exactly how and when; it could be next year or maybe next week. But strike it will, says Rickenbacker, *probably with no more warning than what you are reading right now!*

Step by step, the author explains why. He shows how our gold reserves are tied to our international balance of payments. With plain horse-sense reasoning, he shows why all the financial parachutes and fire extinguishers that the government has laced through our money system will prove to be *frauds* when the chips are down.

Does FDIC insurance on your savings account make you feel secure? At this very moment the FDIC can pay no more than $1 for every $100 of yours it has insured! Are you impressed when the Federal Reserve "monetizes the debt"? Rickenbacker shows how this can take a $100 debt, turn it into a $600 credit and skyrocket the cost of milk and eggs. Does $10 billion in gold sound like plenty of "reserves"? It's less than half of what we had just a few years ago — and it now is supposed to support *four times more* in short-term loans to the U.S. How long will foreign countries continue to accept our notes — our promise to pay in gold — *when they know we soon may have no gold?*

Above all—Rickenbacker shows why Wall Street and the entire financial community can be *expected* to be caught napping when the hurricane strikes. (Their slumber is almost a required ingredient.)

How You May AVOID Financial Disaster

If a reading of Rickenbacker's analysis makes sense to you, you'll want to know what steps to take as a hedge against the trouble ahead. The author analyzes all the major investment possibilities — stocks, bonds, convertibles, real estate, cash savings, art treasures, etc. — showing which types of holdings you may want to avoid, which are more likely to provide you with a crash helmet.

Please understand, *this is not a tip sheet in book form.* There is no "sell Tweedledum and buy Tweedledee" advice. This is a financial analysis written in plain (and graceful) English. Any high school student can understand it. The purpose is to show the average investor what *really* is going on in the world of international finance so that he can make more knowledgeable decisions about his current and future investments.

Risk-Free Examination

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** Don't jump to any conclusions*

Only 2 or 3 of the above investments will weather the coming financial storm, according to Rickenbacker. Every expert who saw this chart before publication of the book guessed wrong. When Rickenbacker explained the reasoning behind his choices, every expert ended up agreeing with the author!

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"It is certain that the reform [increase in gold price] will have to be carried out. The only question is to know whether it will be done before or after the general crisis."
— William F. Rickenbacker

William F. Rickenbacker is an independent investment advisor and Wall Street analyst. If you read his first book, *Wooden Nickels* (1966), you know that he flatly predicted that silver prices would skyrocket. If you followed his advice, Rickenbacker has put you in a brand new tax bracket — and you will need no urging to read his new analysis of the gold crisis.

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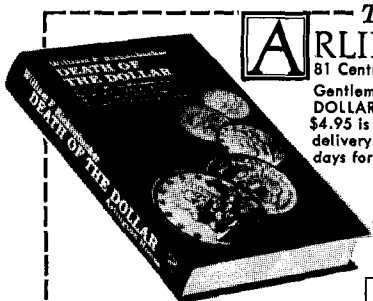

TAX-DEDUCTIBLE. If you itemize income tax deductions, this book can qualify as a tax-deductible expense, as information for investment decisions.

Gentlemen: Please send, postpaid, DEATH OF THE DOLLAR by William F. Rickenbacker. My payment of $4.95 is enclosed. (I will allow about 2 weeks for delivery.) If not pleased, I may return book within 30 days for full refund plus extra cash to cover my return postage.

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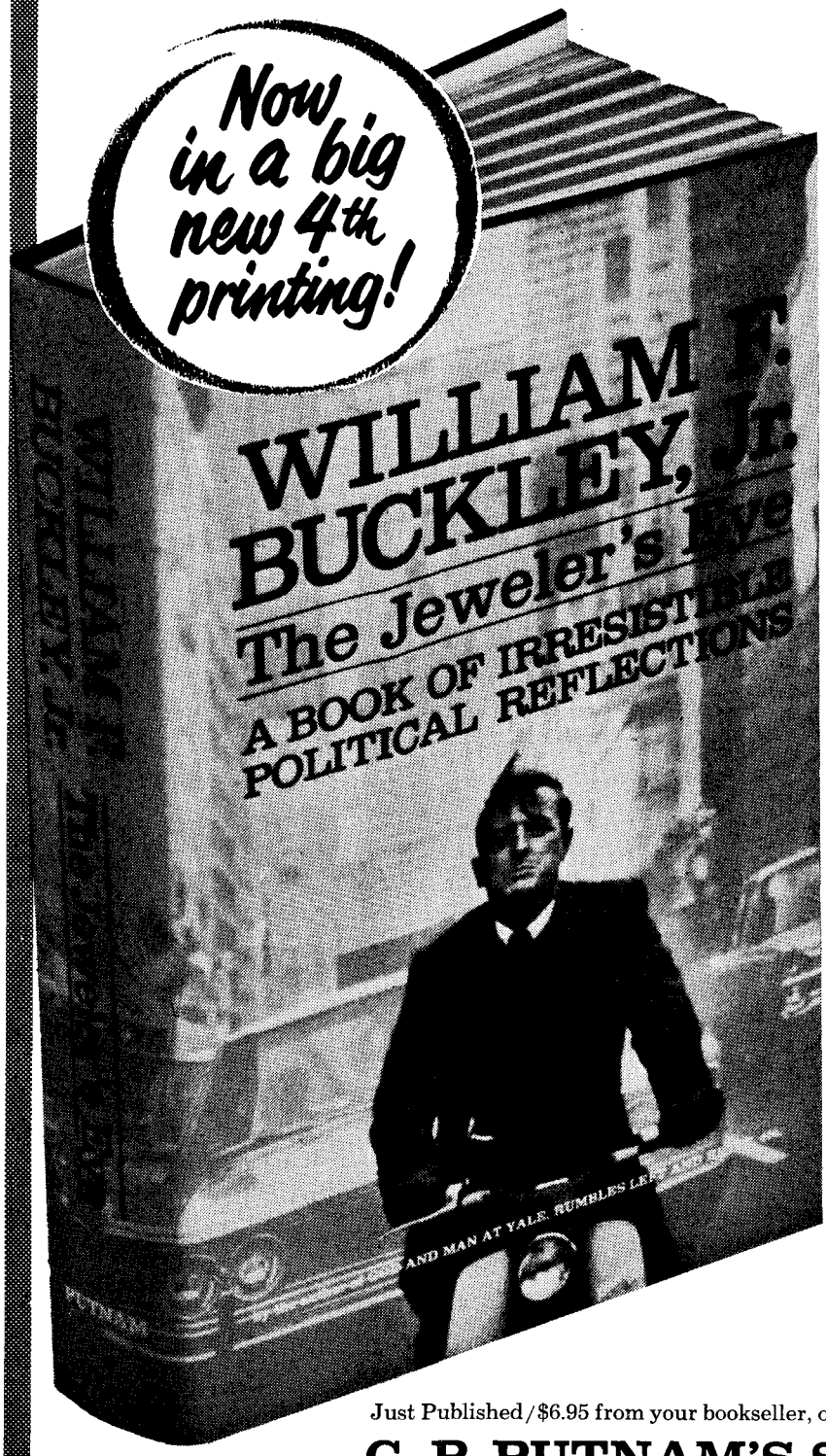

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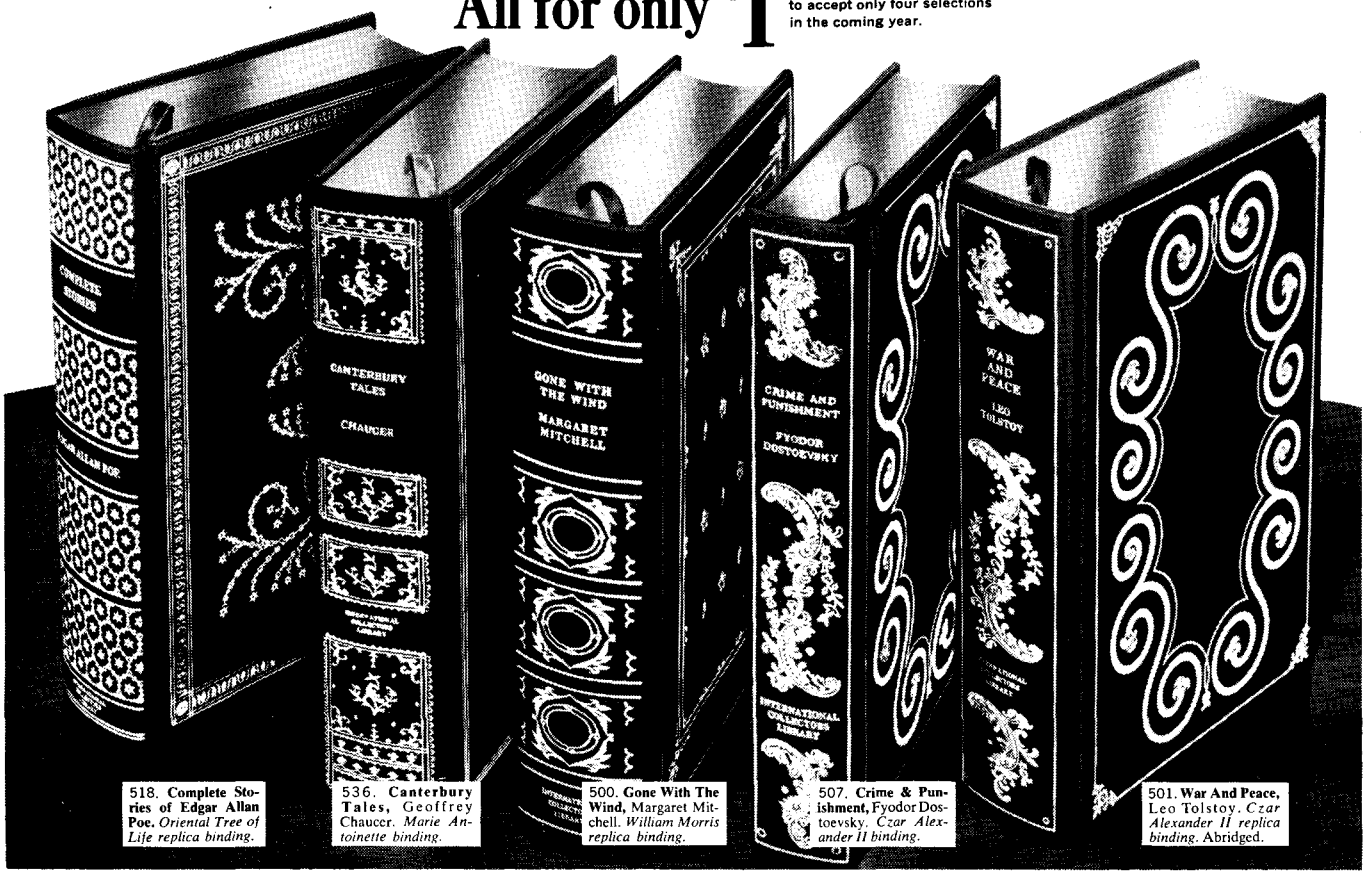

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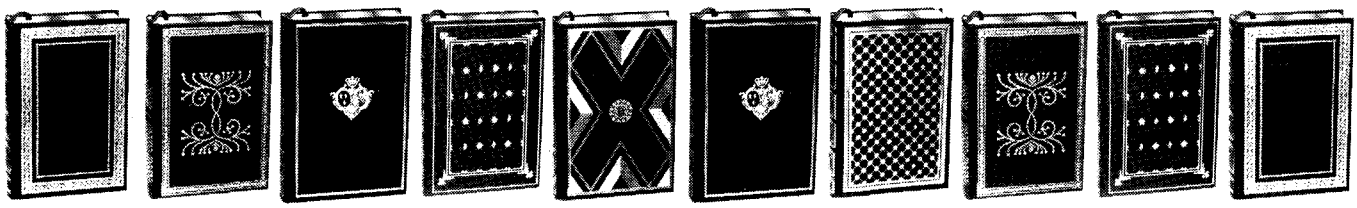

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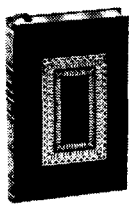

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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XX NO. 44

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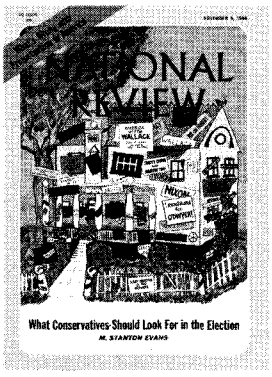
IN THIS ISSUE

■ Our cover date being November 5, we asked the discerning **M. Stanton Evans**, author of the *The Future of Conservatism*, to give us his estimate of the prospects for a conservative resurgence at the polls. This he provides in a state-by-state rundown, which you are well advised to have in hand on that night of the Day of Days when, via the magic of TV, the Future arrives. . . . **Will Herberg**, social philosopher and theologian, follows his observations on American Catholicism (*NR*, Aug. 27, 1968) with a report on mainline Protestantism, answering the question why nobody listens to sermons anymore. . . . **Max Geltman** explains why the Czechoslovak liberation movement was doomed from the outset. . . . Five years after his assassination, John F. Kennedy has come to assume an heroic identity in the minds of foreign intellectuals, especially those from countries unfriendliest to the U.S. **Cecil Osbaine**, a veteran observer of international affairs, looks at the Kennedy myth, and at its attendant Oswald myth, which is that LHO never existed. . . . **John R. Coyne Jr.**, of Berkeley, wrote "Crime on the Campus" in our October 8 issue. . . . And we draw your attention to "The Dime's Worth of Difference Candidate Profile Analysis Theorem," evolved, after months-long research, by associate **Timothy J. Wheeler**. Mr. Wheeler is the author of that election-year classic, *After We Throw the Rascals Out, What?*



■ Columnists on their rounds: **Elspeth Huxley** comments on the recent seaborne meeting of Harold Wilson and Ian Smith, and suggests that both gentlemen would have done better with their feet on the ground. . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** thinks otherwise about Spiro Agnew. . . . **James Burnham**, who was *there* (his "Report on the Greek Referendum" appeared in *NR* Oct. 22), takes issue with some who, possibly, were not. . . . **Nika Standen Hazelton**, this issue, is all spice. . . . **Russell Kirk** writes about Sweden, but his heart is in Mecosta, Mich., where, we are pleased to announce, he recently became the father of a girl, Cecilia Abigail.

■ George Kennan takes on the student Left—not the man for the job, concludes **Vincent Miller**. Mr. Miller teaches at Wofford College in South Carolina. . . . **Guy Davenport**, fiction critic *par excellence*, drops four new titles in your suggestion box. . . . Stan Evans again, on a beautifully timed book called *Hubert*. . . . **John P. McCarthy** is Professor of History at New York City's Pace College. . . . **Peter P. Witonski** commutes to Oxford (England) from Mamaroneck, with a heavy bookbag.

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ALGER HISS: A REMINDER
"During the trial the government was hampered by fear of reprisal on the part of those who could have testified to Hiss' Communist activities and by the refusal of the State Department to open up its records to the Justice Department . . ." Ralph de Toledano explains how the documents Hiss turned over to the Soviets made them privy to some of our most carefully kept secrets, and laid the ground work for the Yalta agreement and the downfall of China.

VIETNAM
"The men of action are not the draft-card burners. Americans know what appeasement and unilateral withdrawal mean. They oppose the Vietnamese War because it is being fought with half-measures under a double-think strategy. They want an end to the fighting, but with honor and in victory."

THE SOFT UNDERBELLY OF THE U.S.A.: GUATEMALA
"The Communist conspiracy has set up shop there. From Guatemala, a great espionage, sabotage, and propaganda organization works night and day for the Soviet Union against the United States." Ralph de Toledano's statements are echoed in today's grim headlines.

To wave the flag may no longer be chic and any display of affection for one's country is far out of vogue, yet de Toledano sharply discusses the incidents and institutions of the contemporary American scene and boldly proclaims

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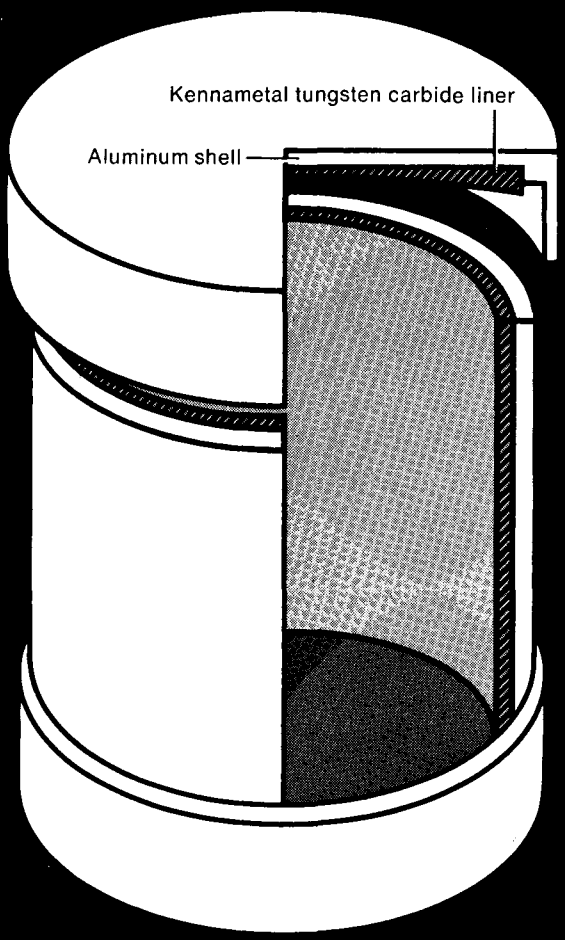

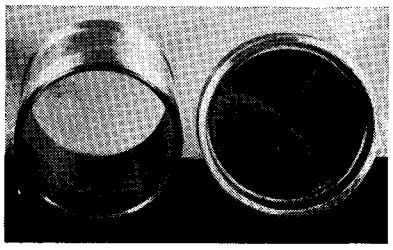

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LETTERS

Gangbanging Wallace

Nobody pays attention to protests from conservatives, not even other conservatives. I asked you to cancel my subscription six weeks or so ago, after *NR* joined the liberal gangbang on George Wallace. The request was ignored. As a consequence, the latest issue [Oct. 22] lands on my doorstep with a cover blaring an appeal to vote against Wallace.

It matters little that the message is signed by Goldwater, a political savant and astute judge of political men and maneuvers. The bold-faced message itself was lying there on my stairstep where any passerby could see it and my neighbors could hardly miss it. So, please listen: you have not only disappointed me but also embarrassed me. I've had it. I want a divorce.

Ardmore, Pa. CARL KERN

Circulation Department please note. —ED

Propaganda as History: A Reply

Two of the three letters you published concerning one of my book reviews, those by Brudnoy and Pih [Oct. 22], first misrepresent what I wrote and then refute what I did not say. Brudnoy castigates me for "implied dismissal of the first-rate work of Professor [John Hope] Franklin" and Pih provides the echo. In my review I quoted the following comment by Katz concerning a book by Dr. Franklin: "This insight into the Southern character is carefully documented with the words of Southern fanatics." It should have been obvious that the target was Katz' monumental and humorless prejudice against the South. Denigration of Franklin was neither implied nor intended. Even making allowance for slipshod reading and stupidity, it is extraordinary that two critics should arrive at the same misconception independently!

Similarly, Brudnoy and Pih rush to the defense of Communist Party pundit Aptheker on the grounds that, although his work is "tainted with Marxist drivel" (Brudnoy), "he is also a seminal historian." The false implication here is that I condemned Aptheker's work as worthless. What I took exception to was the fact that, in a text designed for high-school students, Katz praised Aptheker's writings "in terms of unqualified enthusiasm in nine separate places without once revealing that Aptheker is a leading Communist Party spokesman on the Negro question." One would have thought Professor Brudnoy capable of grasping the point that one can object to having American students indoctrinated by a disciplined Communist Party functionary and hence an agent of an organization dedicated to the destruction of our

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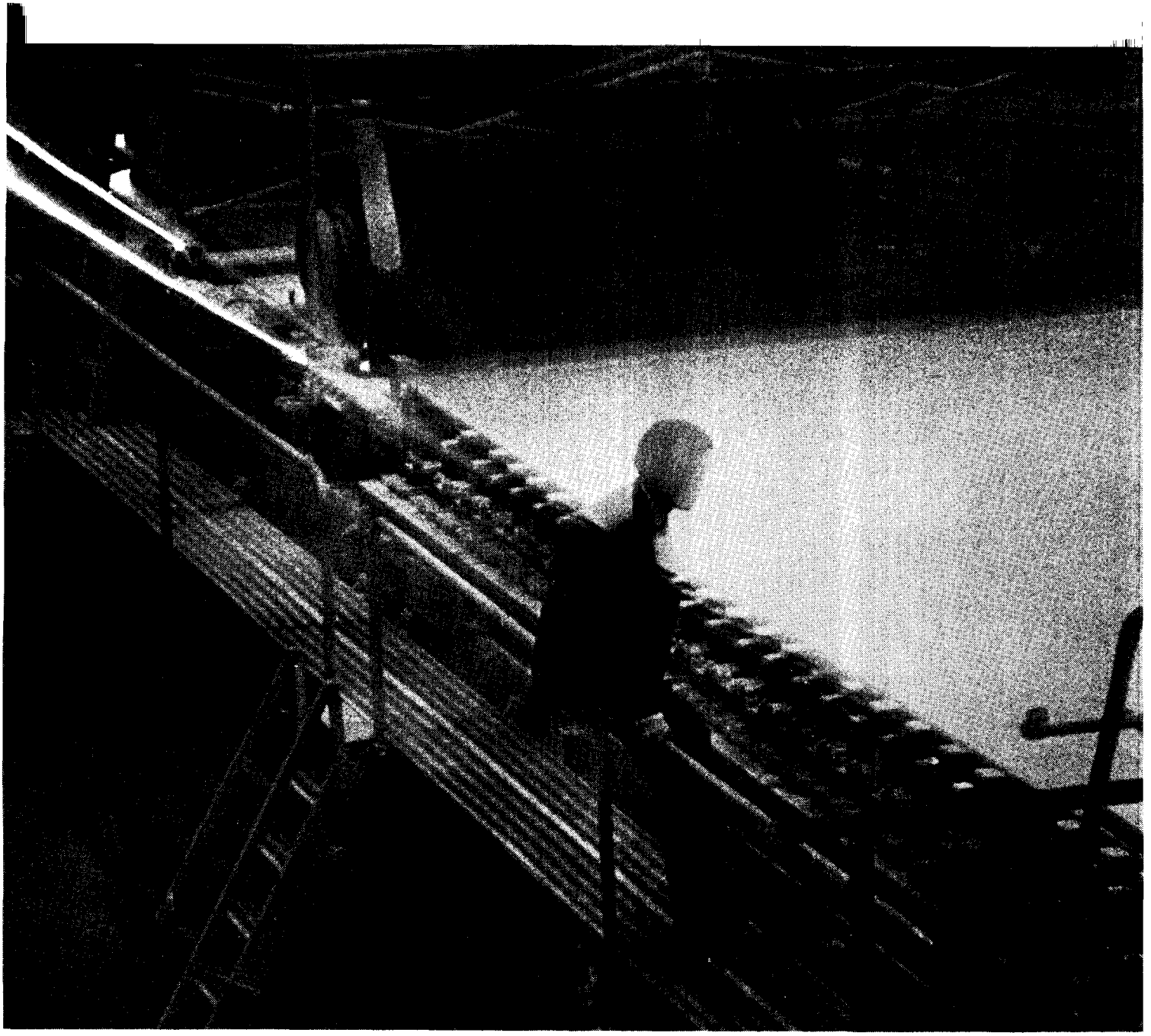

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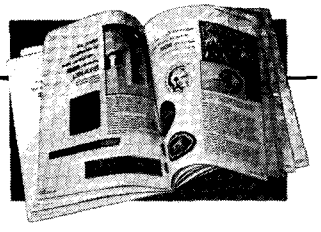

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democratic institutions, without necessarily asserting that all of the judgments of that functionary are false.

Professor Brudnoy also engages in the game of bookmanship. This consists of citing various books and sneeringly observing that I would be wiser if I had read them. Since I have never met Brudnoy, he has no means of knowing what I have and what I have not read. Moreover, he again makes his point by embroidering the truth. After claiming that I cite James Ford Rhodes as my "final authority," he trots out his list of books which he alleges "have substantially, factually refuted many of Rhodes' contentions." However, I neither characterized Rhodes as a "final authority" nor did I support "many of Rhodes' conclusions." I merely quoted Rhodes to the effect that the Negro members of Congress during Reconstruction "left no mark on the legislation of their time." A straightforward way of dealing with this would be to stop beating around the bush and either accept this verdict or refute it. As for Pih, he speculates that my problem may be affliction with a "conservative bias," but concedes that Katz made exaggerated claims for black Reconstruction politicians.

As for C. Vann Woodward, it is always easy to cry "out of context" when a writer quotes without adding all the qualifications, exceptions and elaborations in the source. Space limitations seldom permit this. One of Woodward's main points is that, for several decades after the Civil War, a substantial portion of the white South sought accommodation with the Negro in the interests of interracial harmony and on the basis of recognizing the new status quo. This is all that is needed to dismiss the "fear and hatred" verdict of Katz as characteristically sweeping, harsh and propagandistic.

Pih is disturbed over my lack of sympathy with Malcolm X's sufferings and "essential human tragedy." My emotional reactions have nothing to do with the issue. What I took and take exception to is that Katz recommends with unstinted praise and hails as "the symbol of Black Nationalism" the hate-laden autobiography of an ex-convict, who graduated from one of the vilest forms of crime—dope-pushing—to preach race hate and genocide against his country.

We come finally to Negro inventions. Pih says that the Matzelinger machine revolutionized the shoe industry. He adds that United Shoe Machinery Company bought the patent and then "went on to become a worldwide multi-million dollar firm." However, *post hoc ergo propter hoc* is still lousy logic. United Shoe Machinery people state the company bought a large number of patents toward the close of the nineteenth century, of which Matzelinger's was only one, and these in aggregate formed a foundation for rapid growth. As for Pih's point about the Rillieux evaporating pan, I don't know what he is

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arguing about since I termed this device "an important and bona fide [Negro] invention" in my review.

In contrast to the diffuse misconceptions of Brudnoy and Pih, Robert Sticker contributed a short, logical letter which deals with one point only. He says that Clifford W. Ashley's *The Yankee Whaler* states that the toggle, invented by Lewis Temple, a Negro, was most important to whaling. Unfortunately, Ashley's book is not available to me in this area and is out of print. The three books on whaling I did consult made no mention of either Temple or his invention.

Delray Beach, Fla. NATHANIEL WEYL

The School Strike

Your mini-editorial on New York City's school troubles [Oct. 22] makes me think I'm reading the *New York Post*. For a publication which usually sees issues clearly, you have a cockeyed view of this serious and tragic situation.

You disregard the racist and illegal activities of the Brownsville local board, not caring, apparently, that they threaten every school district in the city. You call Rhody McCoy an "able administrator," and that, for you, justifies everything.

But, after all, you have many far more cosmic issues on which to expound; this one, of course, is small potatoes. And then, probably you all live in Connecticut, anyway.

Far Rockaway, N.Y. NORMAN NASH

NATIONAL REVIEW's conditioned negative reaction to the UFT school strike ("punitive, strictly labor-management") is not any more admirable because the *bête noire* is organized labor, but it is a wholly understandable reaction inasmuch as it emanates from *NR*'s relatively secure fief at 35th Street. Even a half-hearted attempt to uncover the issues in this strike would reveal that due process and civil rights for teachers, to name a few, are at stake, not black community control of schools. Would it be demanding too much to require of *NR* in this regard the same *sang-froid* that, say, Garry Wills displayed regarding "the kids" in Chicago?

Tarrytown, N.Y. TABANUS LINEOLA

Big Bad Junta

James Burnham's article "What Are We Asking For?" [*NR*, Oct. 22] should be required reading for all the shrill-voiced critics of the Greek junta. It was my impression prior to the junta that most Greeks were fed up (as many Americans are today) with instability, shenanigans on the streets, and a government of favoritism. We are not yet ripe for a junta—or am I underestimating the Wallace vote?

It appears to be a matter of semantics. Doesn't everyone know by now that "junta" and "military" are bad words? Never mind that the junta has brought peace and stability to Greece and reshuffled the deck.

(Continues on p. 1127)

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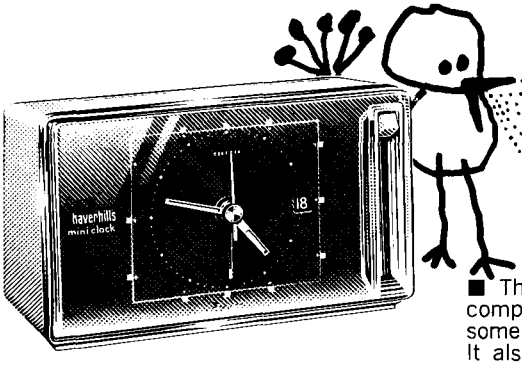

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THE WEEK

■ The wheel turns full circle. Twenty years ago Vietnik Paul O'Dwyer, the forlorn Democratic candidate for Jacob Javits' Senate seat, received and accepted the nomination for Congress of the Communist-dominated American Labor Party. Last week he was denounced by a group of black militants as a "fascist pig."

■ The American Institute for Economic Research has summarized the economic positions of the three major political parties. In its Research Report of October 21 it concludes its discussion of George Wallace's platform as follows: "Leaders of the American Independent Party have promised not to interfere with the price mechanism and not to attempt to influence economic activity by adjusting taxes. However, their views concerning the Federal Government's obligations to solve economic problems such as poverty and unemployment, like the views of the leaders of the two major parties, far transcend the limitations placed on the Government by the Constitution. Moreover, the platform of this party, like that of each of the others, reveals little understanding of the uneconomic laws and institutions that account for many such problems."

■ One of the leftmost candidates this year is Mr. Alan Cranston, Democrat, running for senator from California. One of the rightmost is his opponent, Max Rafferty. Now watch closely. Here's the caption of the *New York Times* photo of the two gentlemen (Oct. 13): "Alan Cranston, left, liberal Democrat and Vietnam dove, is given a slight edge over Max Rafferty, right, ultra-conservative Republican. . . ."

■ Remember Stewart Rawlings Mott? He who donated multi-thousands to Nelson Rockefeller's campaign for the Republican nomination with one hand, and with the other gave over $200,000 to Eugene McCarthy? He's back, and he's still got his checkbook with him. The other day he wrote Hubert Humphrey and said that fifteen former McCarthy backers, himself included, wished to meet and talk with Humphrey. If "turned on" by what Humphrey had to say, Mott promised, the group would raise $3 or $4 million for his campaign. Six of the McCarthyites listed have angrily disavowed the letter—and who can blame them? Would *you* care to have it suggested of *you* that *you* might be turned on by anything Hubert Humphrey could possibly say?

■ From the *Civil Service Leader* (Oct. 1), a paper edited mainly for public employees in New York State, and highly reliable in its political analysis: "If these hopes pan out [a million or more votes for Conservative Party senatorial candidate James L. Buckley], the Conservatives will be a truly formidable factor in the 1969 New York City mayoralty race, and in the 1970 statewide contests. . . . National leaders are following the Conservative vote in New York carefully. They regard the Conservative showing in cosmopolitan, influential New York as an important index of the influence conservatives will wield at the White House if Richard Nixon stays in front and is elected."

■ Remember last spring's rebellion at Columbia University? Here's young master Mark Rudd, rebel-without-portfolio, explaining what it was all about: "Let me tell you. We manufactured the issues. The Institute for Defense Analysis is nothing at Columbia. Just three professors. And the gym issue is bull. It doesn't mean anything to anybody. I had never been to the gym site before the demonstrations began. I didn't even know how to get there."

■ Such mindless revolutionism will encounter tougher going if a recent decision by four federal judges in Missouri (reported in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*) is taken to heart nationally. A couple of rebellious students, whomped by their academic lords, sued for their "constitutional" rights. The judicial opinion: "Attendance at a tax-supported educational institution of higher learning is not compulsory. The federal Constitution protects the equality of opportunity of all qualified persons to attend. Whether this protected opportunity be called a qualified right or privilege is unimportant. It is optional and voluntary. The voluntary attendance of a student in such institutions is a voluntary entrance into the academic community. By such voluntary entrance, the student voluntarily assumes obligations of performance and behavior reasonably imposed by the institution of choice relevant to its lawful functions. So long as there is no invidious discrimination, no deprival of due process, and no abridgement of a right protected by circumstances, and no capricious, clearly unreasonable or unlawful action employed, the institution may discipline students. . . . No student may, without liability to lawful discipline, intentionally act to impair or prevent the accomplishment of any lawful function of an educational institution." The judgment would apply, *a fortiori,* to private institutions.

■ There is nothing like a half million enemy soldiers camping on your doorsteps to clear the cobwebs from the mind. The Greek referendum of September was the excuse needed but it was the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in August that showed the powers that be in Washington how foolish it was to suspend arms shipments to staunchly anti-Communist Greece as we did seventeen months ago after the colonels' coup. U. S.

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arms are once again moving to Greece, whose solidarity NATO will need if the Soviets decide on other military adventures in Europe or the Middle East.

■ Egyptian affairs took a turn for the worse last week.

■ Julius Epstein, a senior staffer at the Hoover Institution on War etc. (at Stanford University), first laid eyes on File Card 383.7-14.4, "Forcible Repatriation of Displaced Soviet Citizens," in the catalog of the Army Historical Records Branch, Alexandria, Virginia, in 1954. Since then he has been trying to see the document itself, without success. In 1967 the Congress passed, and with infinite self-congratulatory bloviation the President signed, a law providing for "Freedom of Information"—i.e. general access by citizens to official documents unless national security or other weighty contrivances should intervene. Epstein has brought suit under this law, citing as defendant Mr. Stanley Resor, Secretary of the Army. Federal Judge Oliver J. Carter is looking into the matter. And we hereby serve notice that we (i.e. Little Brother) are watching.

■ Ever since the day a few years back when somebody down here concluded that the Creator had been unfair in establishing two separate sexes, we have been righting the wrong with typical American thoroughness. So that today a woman cannot be denied, e.g., a stevedore's job, nor a man a meter-maid's; the all-male saloon is unheard of west of McSorley's Old Ale House; Princeton, Wesleyan, Williams, Vassar, Bennington and many more are taking the first steps toward coeducation. And tomorrow? Tomorrow, the Boy Scouts of America! Beginning January 1, girls will be admitted to the Exploring program for fourteen- to eighteen-year-olds—on a minority basis, to be sure, and just see how long *that* lasts. For the first time in history, little old men will have someone to help them across streets—besides which, Scouts over eighteen may always seek refuge at McSorley's.

■ In a little noticed adjustment to our age, the House of Commons quietly provided that the famous Riot Act of 1715 would die at the beginning of this year, when the Criminal Law Act of 1967 went into force. What with New Left tactics and all, it somehow no longer seemed convincing to require the appropriate magistrate, before the police (or troops) waded in, to Read the Riot Act to the rioting throng in the hallowed language: "Our Sovereign Lady the Queen chargeth and commandeth all Persons, being assembled, immediately to disperse themselves and peaceably to depart to their habitations, or to their lawful Business, upon the Pains contained in the Act made in the First Year of King George, for preventing Tumults and riotous Assemblies. God Save the Queen."

■ Jacqueline *who*?

Nixon for Prez

It goes without saying that the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW endorse the bid of Richard M. Nixon for the Presidency. We have given, extensively, the reasons why we believe that George Wallace is unqualified, and we join with Senator Barry Goldwater and Congressman John Ashbrook (*NR*, Oct. 22) in fervently hoping that those who are disposed to vote for Mr. Wallace in protest against the march of events, will take thought before Election Day, and help the country at this moment of travail by rendering efficacious aid (Nixon's election) instead of exemplary warning (a vote for Wallace). Mr. Wallace, we tire of saying but it cannot be said often enough, is not going to win the election. It is just possible, however, that Mr. Humphrey will win the election, and altogether likely that he will if a sizable number of American conservatives vote for Wallace.

Mr. Nixon has conducted himself well. He is freed of the subservience to doctrinal middle-of-the-roadism that made Mr. Eisenhower so—never mind. The point is that Mr. Nixon is clearly his own man now, and during the past few years he too has shared some of the disillusions with liberalism which are the waystations to political maturity. He is not as passionate a believer in the ingenuity of the free marketplace as, for instance, Barry Goldwater or Ronald Reagan. He is not such a counter-revolutionary as, in one's dreams, one has going to Washington to dismember the bureaucracy and return the country to that energetic independence which belonged to us back before we became a nation of individualists manqués.

But as Professor Milton Friedman pointed out at a banquet last week in New York to honor the memory of the late Robert Schuchman, the first president of Young Americans for Freedom, Richard Nixon is capable of giving the country the impulse it needs on the way back to sobriety. Little things, initiated by Richard Nixon, could mean a great deal, if they set into motion a new spirit of the age. Such reforms as could lead towards the stabilization of the dollar, the reform of agricultural chaos, the restoration of local control, a reduction in taxes, an impatience with crime and civil disobedience, and towards the de-utopianization of government. If Mr. Nixon is elected, there will undoubtedly be plenty to criticize in his administration of the nation's affairs. But there will be cause for gratitude that the nation's affairs are in his hands, rather than in those of his amiable opponent whose loquacious romance with orthodox liberalism will not be sundered in this world.

Concerning Mr. Nixon's human qualities, we confess to a great respect for the way he has conducted himself and his campaign. His rise from 1962, at which point he touched a low as low as Harold Stassen's, is nothing less than heroic, and it is good to see heroism rewarded; and good, also, to know that non-telegenic heroism still

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happens to stand a chance in the modern age.

So then, let us hope. For the best.

A Vote for Wallace Is...

Candidate Humphrey told newsmen last week that if nobody wins a majority of the electoral votes, he is willing and eager to be chosen President—even if Richard Nixon leads in the popular balloting. This would seem to be Hubert's last stand, but in fact, he has knocked off a few Indians since last we looked. The latest polls show Humphrey gaining, and perhaps we are witnessing a late spurt by the Democrats, one that will accelerate rapidly in the remaining days of the campaign, one that will create that dreaded electoral deadlock which leaves George Wallace holding the keys.

If this happens, the next President will not be picked by the pristine hand of the House of Representatives. George Wallace plans to barter off his electors between now and December 16, when the Electoral College meets. He will not allow the next Congress, in which he holds no power, to make the choice.

Tom Wicker of the *New York Times* has suggested, interestingly, that neither Humphrey nor Nixon could offer to appease Wallace without risking the defection of pledged electors in the North. In other words, Wallace may not win concessions. The best bargain he can strike may be simply to hand over his electors to whichever candidate he would rather see in the White House. When one considers that Wallace is, as Wicker puts it, "less ideological than ambitious," it is likely that the President Wallace would choose is Hubert Humphrey.

Wallace has made it clear that if he doesn't win it all this time, he'll make another run for the Presidency in 1972. Hubert Humphrey would probably be an easy target in four years. When inaugurated, he would inherit all the debits of the Johnson Administration and the additional stigma of having run second in the popular balloting.

A President Nixon would probably be invulnerable to a Wallace assault in 1972. Nixon in the White House would be responsive to Southern needs, thereby undermining the base of Wallace's American Independent Party. Nixon would be in a better position to negotiate an end to the war in Vietnam, which has fed domestic discontent on the Right as well as the Left. Nixon's court appointments would probably be acceptable to many Wallace supporters. Nixon's program for law and order, though not equivalent to Wallace's, should help heal the festering sore of crime which has given impetus to the Wallace candidacy. Also, if Wallace were to make Nixon President, the Democratic candidate in 1972 might well be Teddy Kennedy, a formidable opponent for Wallace or any other politician to take on.

The evidence indicates that Wallace would like to see Humphrey President if he can't be President himself. If the voters do not give Richard Nixon an electoral majority, Wallace will have his second wish, and any conservatives who voted for him will bear a share of the responsibility (see above) for electing a man who has been an enemy of conservatism since he first entered politics.

The Children's Hour

A drunk is a drag, but heroin's fun.
The Veep is a pig; McCarthy's The One.
Algeria, yes; South Africa, no.
(With Salazar gone, Angola must go!)
Nigeria's right; Rhodesia's wrong.
Fidel is the guy who's singing their song.
They pillory Paul; they idolize John.
They're dying to dump Taipei and Saigon.
With Kiddieland so incredibly *sick,*
I'm doing my thing for Spiro and Dick.

W. H. von Dreele

The Apotheosis of Muskie

Now that Eugene McCarthy has retired to the sidelines to carp, we may safely bestow upon Edmund Sixtus Muskie, Vice-Presidential nominee of the Democratic Party, the William W. Scranton Memorial Cup for unflinching statesmanship by a politician hitherto unknown. During the bleak days of the Chicago convention, when all compassionate Americans languished in the slough of despond, this man descended to refresh us. During the early weeks of the campaign, when his Republican counterpart was taunting minority groups with his vicious gibes, this man let a Negro live in his own home. Small wonder that the *New York Times* finds fit to praise him as "a leader of moderation, taste and sensitivity, a man of character who attacks problems, not people." We should not be amazed that as redoubtable a student of the human condition as Joey Bishop can discern in this man "an Abe Lincoln quality." That James Wechsler of the *New York Post* can write that "his style and substance are the embodiment of reasonableness, tolerance and a quiet passion for justice." Fine words, these, but they pale beside the incomparable prose of *Newsweek,* in which candidate Muskie is enshrined as "a man of keen intelligence and appealing sensitivity, a tough-minded liberal with an unexpected dollop of Gene McCarthy's detachment, yet a crowd pleasing flair for communicating." (Two sentences later we learn that "Agnew, in contrast, has emerged as something of a bumbler, a moderate conservative of limited scope and suppleness who finds himself spending much of his time explaining away a succession of gaffes.")

Fortunately for posterity, all these paeans may be in-

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scribed on the W. W. Scranton Cup, it having been made large enough to serve as repository for all the hopes, dreams and faith of good America. The prize was constructed, one recalls, by those people who would save the country from Barry Goldwater, who created a savior when they could find none ready-made, and who hope to repeat their Godly act this year to save us from Richard Nixon. Faced with a shortage of materials (Humphrey is too scarred for a new finish) and a wily opponent (Nixon, reading the replay, is keeping cool), the miracle makers decide on a complex strategy. First comes the press campaign, as waged by *Newsweek,* to tell an American public that knows nothing of either Vice-Presidential candidate that Muskie has "keen intelligence and appealing sensitivity" and Agnew has "limited scope and suppleness." Next Lou Harris is dispatched to take a poll which shows, surprise, that more voters prefer Muskie to Agnew than the other way around. Writing up the results, Harris slips in the comment, "It would be a mistake to discount totally the impact of the two men either of whom could be a heartbeat away from the Presidency after next January." Others dredge up statistics on Presidential deaths in office, declaim about the climate of violence in America, urge that a voter cast his ballot in awful awareness that "the possibility of a sudden succession has been significantly raised by the increased strains and perils of the Presidency" (the *NYT*). Muskie rarely mentions Humphrey in his speeches. Humphrey is ever thumping Muskie. "My greatest asset," Humphrey says. His only hope.

Muskie over Agnew, the heartbeat argument, is surely aimed at the voter of limited mind, for if one tries to recall what Edmund Muskie has said or done in this campaign, one remembers 1) the times he invited hecklers to the speakers' platform, and . . . Was there anything else? *Times* reporter Steve Roberts spent some time with the man and found little of the substance and character that his employers applaud in their editorials. Roberts, who is a left-liberal, found nothing beneath that honest and rustick exterior. "Following his campaign," Roberts writes, "one occasionally feels one is not watching Ed Muskie, but Jimmy Stewart playing Ed Muskie. One day in San Francisco he was greeted at City Hall by Mayor Joseph Alioto, a suave swarthy man who ostentatiously pointed out the magnificent dome over the buildin's entrance hall. Muskie stood there, his arms limp, his eyes gazing skyward, looking for all the world like Mr. Smith on his first trip to Washington." Such is the ideal candidate for the anti-Nixonites, the miracle makers who must create a champion to engage the opposition. Muskie is their blank page, on whom they can write what they will, a man whose deeds and words are not memorable enough to conflict with the attributions of their editorials.

"I was right there when he did it, so I'm best qualified to correct it."

Bombing and Peace

The timing of the big new peace drive would lend itself to the most cynical interpretations were it not for the fact that the election outcome is so nearly assured that even Lyndon Johnson must realize nothing he can do anywhere about anything at this stage could have much effect. Conceivably the election might be entering in from the other direction. Counting by now on a Nixon victory, Hanoi may figure it can make a better deal with the old President than with the new, and would therefore be well advised to offer some sort of gesture that Johnson can point to as a move toward Peace with Honor.

But of course a bombing halt on our part would not by any means be peace, nor would it necessarily be even a step toward peace; quite possibly the contrary, unless we have indeed decided to drop all our declared objectives, to abandon the South Vietnamese to Hanoi, to disregard strategic and political consequences, and to pull out come hell or high water.

Hanoi has always demanded a permanent, "unconditional" bombing halt as a prelude to genuine negotiations concerning a ceasefire, truce and peace. This demand in and of itself shows the critical military importance of the bombing. We have attached a few conditions in the form of military de-escalations on Hanoi's part, and these we have whittled down toward

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the vanishing point. Lately, it seems, Hanoi has been hinting it would in fact de-escalate a bit, but it doesn't want to lose face by saying so publicly.

How preposterous, if we accept such a proposal! Once we stop the bombing it will become almost impossible to resume it, no matter what Hanoi does or fails to do. Hanoi will have made no public commitment for violation of which it can be held responsible.

Even if Hanoi did pledge reciprocal measures publicly, there would be no way to hold North Vietnam to the agreement. By stopping the bombing we renounce a major effective weapons system, thus reduce the pressure on Hanoi to end the war on a basis acceptable to us and the South Vietnamese. That is exactly why Hanoi devotes such energy in Paris and globally to getting us to stop.

It is said that part of the secret package tied to the bombing halt would be the seating of representatives from the South Vietnamese government and from the National Liberation Front at the Paris talks. This is entirely logical. And this is what shows that we cannot end the war with honor as yet. The NLF is the political adjunct of the Vietcong; both are controlled by the Communist Party of North Vietnam. We have not defeated the Vietcong-North Vietnam force in the field. It is therefore true that at present it must be represented in serious peace negotiations. But this means, in turn, that if the negotiations did lead to an agreement, this would have to include the presence of the NLF (or its political equivalent) in the South Vietnamese government. The simultaneous presence of NLF and Saigon spokesmen at the talks recognizes them both as authentic representatives of the South Vietnamese. For us to pull out of South Vietnam while a government including the NLF—i.e., the Communist apparatus linked to North Vietnam—took over would mean launching South Vietnam on the road taken by Czechoslovakia in 1948: the road that soon comes to an end in Communist control.

The fact that Hanoi is apparently now ready to make at least some concessions from its previously intransigent position in order to begin switching the struggle out of the military into the political dimension is the proof that the Communists are being hurt militarily, that they now see the political route as their best bet for attaining their objectives. On that same finding, this is the moment when we should press the harder in the field. It is just when a struggle begins to seem endless that, very often, it is almost over. If we hold firm now, we may find that in a surprisingly short time ahead we have completed the military foundation for an honorable and durable peace.

The Gleam in Humphrey's Eye

Hubert Humphrey has a plan:
  When this lousy war is over,
Ghettos will be spic 'n' span;
  Appalachia, in clover.
Tell you what he's gonna do:
  Once the countryside relaxes,
Hubert will present to you . . .
  Taxes! Taxes! Taxes! Taxes!

W. H. VON DREELE

When Is a Memoir-Monger A Missile-Monger?

For a million bucks, *McCall's* Magazine won the honor of publishing (November 1968 issue) the book-length memoir of the 1962 confrontation between the U.S. and the USSR concerning the installation of Soviet missiles in Cuba. The memoir was dictated by the late Robert Kennedy in the fall of 1967. Here it is, boom, on our doorstep; what to do?

First off, let's accept it the way Bobby Kennedy surely intended it to be accepted: as a campaign document, perhaps Exhibit A, in the Presidential race of 1972. It positively staggers under the load of self-praise—everyone is decent, intelligent, nay brilliant, serious, dedicated, devoted, high-minded, blah-blah and that's why the country's still around today. The President personally supervised "everything, from the contents of leaflets to be dropped over Cuba to the assembling of ships for the invasion." He was a superman, you see: and he could read 10,000 words a minute, and memorize them, while chatting with a congressional delegation. . . .

Very good. But the look-at-us-heroes aside, is there anything else to say about this unconscionably long, Lisztian, Faustian fustian? Yes sir: that in point of fact it is the record of a bit of Kennedy diplomacy that fell far short of the ideal. Six years have gone by since the moment in 1962 when President Kennedy declared that though Castro's regime might be okay in Cuba the U.S. "would not tolerate" the export of revolution elsewhere in the Western Hemisphere. Since then, Castro-supported forces have been active in Venezuela, Bolivia (remember Che?), Honduras, Guatemala, Brazil, Mexico, and so on.

Finally there is the interesting question of the willingness of the Kennedy brothers to invoke nuclear holocaust. *McCall's* calls the memoir the story of "how the world almost ended." Theodore Sorensen, introducing the memoir (which he edited slightly), actually commends President Kennedy for the fact that he "was not paralyzed by the obvious proportions of his decision. . . ." Robert Kennedy even quotes his brother's letter of October 22, 1962 to Premier Khrushchev, in which the President makes it clear that the U.S. stands ready to use nuclear weapons if need be to respond to the (allegedly) insane judgment of the Kremlin that the U.S. is incapable of using them. Bobby (or Sorensen) dramatizes the stakes they played for: "I think these few minutes were the time of gravest concern for the President. Was the world on the brink of a holocaust? Was it our error? A mistake? Was there something further that should

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have been done? . . . We had come to the time of final decision. . . . One thousand miles away in the vast expanse of the Atlantic Ocean the final decisions were going to be made in the next few minutes. President Kennedy had initiated the course of events, but he no longer had control over them. He would have to wait. . . ."

Interesting admission, that: Kennedy has initiated a course of events that could lead to "world holocaust" thanks to circumstances beyond his calculation.

A few days ago a major candidate for public office tried to explain that America shouldn't have a "phobia" about the use of nuclear weapons. If we're not prepared to use nuclear weapons, he said, we should bury them at Fort Knox. Unfortunately the name of the candidate was not Kennedy but LeMay, so you can imagine how the keepers of the public conscience oinked in pain. Said the *New York Times*: such policy, the "reliance on maximum application of force . . . is the doctrine of peace through terror, a doctrine that dooms democracy in the guise of protecting it." And a doctrine which General LeMay quite possibly learned to admire and commend in his Commander in Chief while he, LeMay, was USAF Chief of Staff (1961-1965).

The Shadows Fall

The first Camelot was a fairy tale city of a fairy tale king in which knights in shining armor went into battle to defend fair damsels in distress. It was ruled over by the fairest of the fair, the lady Guenevere.

But even in that Camelot of legend, the forces of evil were at work. Mordred plotted against his sovereign and brought about his death. Arthur died and a legend was born, and so, in our day, when John Kennedy died, the legend was born. His young widow was made part of that legend and willingly embraced it: a lovely and gracious young woman with two small children, living in the shadow of a story about a man who was becoming to many the world over something he never was in fact, in his lifetime—as Arthur was not what the legend tells us he was. Doing her utmost to perpetuate a regal dynasty and, since the son and heir was a stripling, the dynasty was to be carried on by the fallen leader's most faithful vassals, his devoted and beloved brothers.

And so it went for five years until the widow, perhaps weary of living with a dream, took another husband who was everything Arthur was not. And took him in defiance of her church, the church to which her husband and his brothers and his family had pledged their allegiance and fealty. And the world that had first forged the legend and then given itself up to it was appalled, shocked, and disillusioned. And its first reaction was to transfer the feeling of loss into anger at the lady.

The glitter is gone. The Camelot of Jack and Jacqueline Kennedy will never shine as brightly again. Whether the Kennedy mystique can be reconstituted is another question. In a real life world—the hard world of politics—what happens in one October may not be remembered in the next, and the Kennedys are tenacious when it comes to reaching for the high places in the land. To do so henceforth they may have to renounce the miscreant. But that was the risk she took when she decided to return to reality.

Erratum

Owing to an error in composition, a passage from Sen. Goldwater's article, "Don't Waste a Vote on Wallace," in our last issue was picked up and repeated as part of Congressman John Ashbrook's guest editorial, "And Anyway is Wallace a Conservative?" in the same issue. The repeated lines were inserted in place of a passage, inadvertently deleted, which should have appeared in column one, page 1049, beginning at line 11. The portion of Mr. Ashbrook's editorial which we failed to print appears below. Apologies to both authors. —ED.

In early September, while shoping for a real, as opposed to a stand-in running mate, George Wallace settled on former Gov. A. B. (Happy) Chandler of Kentucky who was also on the outs with the regular Democratic

"Frustrated? Tense? Stomach upset?"

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organization and therefore receptive to the Wallace bid. Chandler's record in the Kentucky state house was much like George Wallace's in Montgomery: he was a spender, a populist and a certifiable liberal. But he turned out to be too liberal on the civil rights issue (as early as 1955 he had declared integration "morally right") for many of Wallace's big money supporters to swallow and they nixed the deal. Still, conservatives shouldn't forget that Wallace's first choice as a running mate was a gung-ho liberal. When he settled on Gen. Curtis LeMay, Wallace was making a pitch for the hawk vote which is particularly strong in the ranks of organized blue-collar workers. Wallace has gone around the country not only describing himself as a friend of the working man, but as a supporter of monopoly unions and a foe of right-to-work legislation in Alabama and everywhere else. Here, too, George Wallace is embracing a doctrine far left of center.

Notes & Asides

■ To put it mildly, there was hell to pay for a reference made in the last issue of NATIONAL REVIEW (p. 1044) to the Negro administrator of the Ocean Hill-Brownsville public school complex, Mr. Rhody McCoy. The question, for those so fortunate as to have been untouched by it, is nothing less than the survival of a viable public school system in New York City. And the decisions reached here will unquestionably affect public school systems elsewhere. The issues are complex—but back to Mr. McCoy. We reported that he was "an able administrator with an impeccably interracial hiring policy."

From our most esteemed associate Dr. Will Herberg: "How naive, how irresponsibly simple-minded, can your editorial writer get! Do you know who the 'impeccably interracial' teachers hired by Rhody McCoy are? Do you know how they were recruited? They are, with very few, if any, exceptions, protagonists of the New Left, who are in it for the promotion of their radical revolutionary aims. Have you seen the report of the Board of Education's own observer on these 'impeccably integrated' teachers in JHS 271, a report sent to Superintendent Donovan four days ago, suppressed by Donovan for three days, and becoming public yesterday? According to this report, these 'impeccably integrated' teachers went around in the school glorying (in the presence of the children) that they could strike a blow for the Revolution!"

Another valued associate, Max Geltman, wrote to the same effect. Adding, "What is a fact is that no teacher hired by [McCoy's] governing board is required to offer allegiance to his flag, his country, his state—or even his professional integrity. Loyalty to Rhody McCoy and to the teachings of the Black Panther diabolism is all that is required. In the Ocean Hill district, comprising a complex of eight schools, the national anthem is never sung, the pledge of allegiance is never given; Washington's and Lincoln's pictures are replaced (usually) by Malcolm X, Che Guevara and the like. Further, this is not an independent community, supported by its own tax efforts, as happens to be the case in other local self-sustaining districts of the state public school system. Nor are the parents of the community genuinely involved since a vote among these parents has never taken place."

Mr. Geltman adds (from *Education News,* a Cowles publication) the report of an episode which one gathers he takes as typical. It is teacher Leslie J. Campbell, conducting a class in Junior High School 271, focal point of the dispute. A young boy from another school has been invited to participate. His name is Timmy Karman.

Campbell: Now, class, ask Timmy questions about our Afro-American heritage and black power.

Pupil 1: We have leaders like Martin Luther King, and he tells us to be peaceful, and then we have leaders like Malcolm X and Rap Brown and they tell us to use violence. Who is right?

Campbell: Timmy, tell him what you learned.

Timmy: Well, I think Martin Luther King is not so good. Whitey don't want to give us anything, so we got to fight for it.

Pupil 2: Why do we have to fight? Why can't we just demonstrate peacefully like Dr. King?

Campbell: Whitey doesn't listen. The only thing he understands is when we get up and start throwing bricks and Molotov cocktails.

And another episode . . .

Teacher: What do you see?

Class: We see cops.

Teacher: They're not cops—they're pigs.

Class: Yes, teacher, they're pigs.

Teacher: These pigs are trained to kill children, our black and beautiful children. . . .

Stop! The evidence would appear to be overwhelming. McCoy points out that 40 per cent of the teachers in his school district are in fact Jewish. "That," Mr. Geltman harrumphs, "is like saying that Adolf Eichmann is a Christian." His tacit point being, like Dr. Herberg's, that although there are many teachers at Ocean Hill who are technically Jewish, and many others who are technically Aryan, in fact, under the leadership of Mr. McCoy, the threat is that the Ocean Hill schools are becoming revolutionary spas.

And yet; and yet . . . There are perplexing aspects of the problem. Mr. Fred Hechinger, education editor for the *New York Times*, reports in a long front-page article (October 23) on a day's observation of the teaching at Ocean Hill. And all that he reports is good: high morale, good discipline, close attention to academic subject matter. It appears that there is going on a struggle between genuine reformers who believe in genuine and civilized uses of black power, and revolutionists who desire to turn an experiment in local control into a means for promoting race warfare.

We'll keep our eyes open, and will report back more extensively. In the meantime, our regards to our vigilant friends, Messrs. Herberg and Geltman. **—WFB**

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Here's how you can make a Conservative out of someone you know

Put National Review in his hands. It's about the quickest way you can find to turn a *potential* conservative into an *actual* conservative. We know, because many of our regular subscribers have been doing just that for years with great success. Of course, we don't expect you to brave hail or high water to do it—we'll be more than happy to take care of that part ourselves. What we *can't* do is locate these potential conservatives. We don't know who they are but *you* do. They're your friends, relatives, neighbors, business and social acquaintances.

Think about it for a moment, right now. Pick someone you know (who doesn't already get NR) who thinks pretty much as you do about taxes, crime in the streets, inflation, narcotics, his children's education, etc. He may not realize it yet but he'd be vitally interested in what conservatives have to say about these things—(and where do conservatives say it beter than in *National Review*?).

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JAMES BURNHAM

HISTORY AS SHE IS REWRITTEN

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

New Statesman is Britain's second most influential magazine, and has a considerable circulation and influence overseas. In its issue dated October 4, Grigor Praxis (= Gr., "a doing"; in a variant meaning "revenge") reports on the September 29 Greek referendum. His article is entitled, "How the Greek Vote Was Fixed."

"Beyond the loaded question common to all plebiscites," his introductory paragraph informs us, "there were political and police-state reasons for the 92 per cent success of CIA-Stalinism in Greece." The loaded question was: "Do you approve the new constitution?" I haven't been able to figure out where "CIA-Stalinism" comes in, but in any case Mr. Praxis documents his assertion as follows:

"Different-colored ballot papers were the first step. The population was told that it would be easy for the authorities to identify the 'No' votes from the color of the discarded ballot papers. Then, as a clinching stratagem, it was decided that instead of receiving an envelope containing both ballot papers, voters were to be given 'Yes' by the police, and would have to ask for 'No.' The voter brave enough to ask for the 'No' ballot was asked: 'What do you want it for; you don't intend to use it, do you?' "

The Way It Was

All of these statements are false. The ballot papers were not different-colored. Voters could not have been given anything by the police because no police were inside the ballot places —usually a large schoolroom. What the poll officials did in fact hand each voter was a standardized, unmarked, opaque envelope together with both a 'Yes' paper and a 'No' paper. (This use of different paper ballots is standard procedure in Greek elections.) The voter then went behind a curtain, put whichever ballot paper he chose into the envelope, sealed it, reappeared and dropped it into the slot of a sealed ballot box. No voter had to be brave enough to ask for a 'No'; he automatically got a 'No' along with his 'Yes.' (In Athens not only did the voters get their 'No's'; about a quarter of them put 'No' into the box.)

I visited a dozen polling places, chosen by myself at random as I drove around, half in Athens and half in villages. Any special preparation for my appearance was impossible. I talked afterward to ten or twelve foreign journalists, almost all opposed to the regime, who had visited up to twenty or more polling places. Their observations were identical with my own. I take for granted that in many small, remote villages everyone voted as the local priest or mayor said: that is the way of remote villages. But, remote villages apart, all observers who were in Greece agreed that on its technical side the referendum was conducted honestly.

I assume Mr. Doing did not observe the doing of the referendum; perhaps (if he is an involuntary exile) it was Mr. Revenge who wrote the *New Statesman* article. His description coincides, actually, with the expectations, prior to the event, of many of the correspondents who were on hand. The evening before the referendum, for example, Alfred Friendly of the *Washington Post,* announcing half way through dinner that "this is a totalitarian regime," explained in terms the same as Mr. Praxis' how the referendum was *going* to be conducted next day. He *knew*, and in that perspective was enlightening the inhabitants of Washington and its suburbs. Friendly, however, has a professional regard for directly observed facts. The next night he stated he had not seen any fraud in the referendum procedure.

Attending the series of press conferences in the week preceding the referendum, I got the impression that a section of the foreign press corps stationed in Greece regards itself not as newsmen but as the opposition to the incumbent regime. In the guise of questions to the official spokesmen, they denounced the regime's iniquities and raised the banners of Freedom. "Will the Minister tell us," CBS correspondent Walter Burk demanded in clarion tones of Foreign Minister Pipinelis, "when before in history a government has asked its people to vote the abolition of all their legal, civil and human rights?"

"Mr. Minister," Noel Hudson, the Man from Reuters, began in an ominous voice, "will you tell us how many bomb explosions there were last night in addition to the one next to my office?" It was Interior Minister Patakos that morning. "I haven't heard about any bombs," he answered, and added one of his barracks-style cracks: "And how does it happen, if you were on the scene of a bomb explosion, you weren't arrested as a material witness?"

A World They Ever Make

Tribune Walter Burk wasn't going to let that pass. "Mr. Minister," he intoned, "I hope you will apologize to this assembly for the shocking slur you have cast on the integrity of my distinguished colleague from Reuters." Five minutes later Hudson rose to explain that "I wasn't myself in the office, but in my apartment a mile and a half away. The report about the bomb was phoned by my assistant." Two nights later I happened to pass by Reuters, who was having a drink with *Izvestia* in the Grande Bretagne bar, and asked him what he had found out about his bomb. "Nothing further," he said vaguely. "There was the explosion, and a broken window. . . ." The morning after the Patakos conference newspapers in Paris and other European cities had carried stories about not only the ectoplastic bombs but Patakos' "accusation" of Hudson's complicity. □

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COVER STORY

The Handy Election Night Guide for Conservatives of both parties. Who's running where, and against whom. It's a big year for the Right. Just how big is the question

Races To Watch In '68

M. STANTON EVANS

THIS YEAR'S unpredictable politics have been marked by a number of major victories for conservatism. Indeed, if we may believe such authorities as Walter Lippmann, the events of '68 have conclusively shown a shift of sympathy to the right. Depending on the variables of fortune, the November 5 balloting could produce still more of the same.

Political predictions are always risky, and this year they are especially hazardous. Our two-party structure has crumbled into battling quadrants. Conservatives are caught between the contrary pullings and haulings of the Nixon and Wallace campaigns—which ought to help the liberals. But the leftward elements who stand to benefit are even more disorganized than their conservative opposition. This multiple fracturing vastly increases the number of contingencies to be allowed for in projecting election results.

Taking it all in all, however, the political analysts and polls give us certain guidelines that point in certain specific directions: Wallace has hurt Nixon in the South and Humphrey in the North. Given the fact that Humphrey is already smarting from liberal defections and the general mood of the country, he can afford the damage less than Nixon. On net balance, current surveys suggest a win for Nixon, a strong showing for Wallace, and oblivion for Humphrey.

Senate, House and gubernatorial races will be strongly affected by the way the Presidential vote falls out. In states where Wallace is strong, no one knows what his supporters will do once they have pulled the Presidential lever. If they go to the more conservative GOP, the party should enjoy a landslide. If they break evenly, it should make a fairly respectable showing. On the whole, substantial GOP gains seem likely.

As of this writing the best estimate is that Republicans will pick up perhaps two dozen of the 31 new congressmen they need to control the House, at least six and possibly as many as a dozen new senators, and five or more new governors. If the tally matches these projections, the party should emerge from the election in passably good shape.

The East

The Northeastern sector of the country has not been fertile ground for the GOP in recent years, and has been less promising still for conservatives. This previous lack of luster has made the East a prime target for Republican efforts in 1968. GOP strategists hope to make gains here because this is where the greatest slack exists. Additionally, there are signs that conservative sentiment in various Eastern states is finally on the rise.

Republicans are favored to capture governors' mansions in **New Hampshire** (where Walter Peterson is the GOP candidate) and **Vermont** (Deane C. Davis), and are battling to turn back a challenge to **New Hampshire** Sen. Norris Cotton by retiring chief executive John King. New England House contests offering hopes of congressional turnover include the campaigns of Lowell Wiecker in **Connecticut** and Horace Hildreth and Denny Shute in **Maine**. Republican incumbents in New England who should be re-elected to Congress include William Bates and Hastings Keith in **Massachusetts**, James Cleveland (*v.* McCarthy-backer David Hoen) and Louis Wyman (the prosecutor of Willard Uphaus) in **N.H.**

In **New York**, senatorial candidate James Buckley will try to improve on the already impressive performance of the state's Conservative Party in triangular battle with Jacob Javits (R) and Paul O'Dwyer (D), both extreme liberals. Congressional races of interest involve Conservative-Republican Mason Hampton in the 5th (*v.* McCarthyite Allard K. Lowenstein), former American Legion commander Martin McKneally in the 27th, Hamilton Fish Jr. in the 28th, and Edward P. Mattar in the 41st.

On the previous form charts, the East is where the liberal Republicans do best, and they are hoping to add members to their Senate ranks in **Pennsylvania**, where GOPer Richard Schweiker is going after Joseph Clark, and **Maryland**, where Rep. Charles McC. Mathias takes on Democrat Daniel Brewster. Nixon is reportedly running well in **New Jersey**—although Wallace strength is also noticeable—and the party hopes to gain at least a couple of the House seats it needs for control of the lower chamber. The candidacies of Richard Stout (3rd District) and Peter Moraites (9th) are thought to be good prospects.

GOP strategists believe they will pick up another governorship in **Delaware**, where "moderate"-talking Russell Peterson, a Dupont executive, opposes incumbent Democrat Charles Terry. In 1966 Terry won election by a slim margin, and a recent illness has prevented him from making an active campaign. Republican congressman William Roth is expected to win reelection. Incumbent Democrats may also be turned out in **Pennsylvania**'s 4th and 15th Congressional Districts, where Alexander Kaptik and Paul E.

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Henderson are the Republican candidates. **Maryland** provides a House race worth watching in the contest between Democrat Hervey Machen and GOP challenger Larry Hogan, a former FBI agent who pulled down 46 per cent of the vote two years ago.

The Midlands

Republicans think they will renew their lease on the Midwest and the Plains states, traditional heartland of the party. They talk of gaining three new governorships and possibly as many as four new Senate seats. The Wallace vote is a bigger "X" factor here, however, than in the East or West.

In **Indiana**, GOP secretary of state Edgar D. Whitcomb is in a hard-fought race against Democratic Lt. Gov. Robert L. Rock, with the national trend helping Whitcomb. Republican Senate hopeful William D. Ruckelshaus, opposing Sen. Birch Bayh, is rated an underdog. Hoosier Republicans hope to pick up two new House seats in the wake of redistricting. Particular House races to watch include W. W. Hill Jr., running in the tough 11th District, Earl Landgrebe in the 2nd, David Dennis in the 10th. There is also an outside chance for Robert Garton in the 9th, although his opponent is strong and the district is heavily Democratic. GOP conservatives Richard Roudebush and William Bray should be re-elected, while Ross Adair is favored to win his redistricted battle of incumbents with Democrat J. Edward Roush.

Across the line in **Illinois**, voter surveys suggest that all systems are GOP. Nixon is said to be in excellent shape, Sen. Everett Dirksen is running well ahead of his opponent and Richard Ogilvie is reportedly leading Democratic Gov. Samuel Shapiro. Aided by these favoring winds, Republicans are hoping to pick up House seats in the 3rd (Robert A. Podesta), 5th (Joseph Krasowski), and 10th (John J. Hoellen) districts. Hoellen came within a whisker of election two years ago. GOP incumbents virtually assured of membership in the 91st Congress include Charlotte Reid, Ed Derwinski, Harold Collier, and Les Arends.

The GOP's Senate prospects are thought to be good in **Ohio**, where Attorney General William Saxbe faces John J. Gilligan, upset winner over Frank Lausche in the Democratic primary. Ohio's predominantly Republican (19-5) and predominantly conservative House delegation is expected to stay that way—with John Ashbrook and "Buz" Lukens, national conservative leaders, favored to return to the capital. In **Missouri**, Rep. Thomas Curtis is given a chance of picking up the Senate seat vacated by Democrat Edward Long, but the state's historic leaning toward the Democrats makes the outlook iffy. Curtis has a conservative voting record in the House but is well thought of by party liberals on organizational matters. Rep. Durward Hall, a solid conservative, is favored to win again.

Down the road in **Oklahoma**, former GOP governor Henry Bellmon is considered an excellent bet to replace veteran Democratic Sen. A. S. "Mike" Monroney. The party also entertains thoughts of another House seat here, in the contest between Robert G. Smith and Democrat Ed Edmondson. Conservative GOP Rep. James V. Smith is in a closely contested battle, through redistricting, with liberal Democrat Tom Steed, while Oklahoma's other Republican congressman, veteran Page Belcher, is in no difficulty and will be returning to the Hill.

A major plus for GOP conservatives is materializing in **Kansas**, where Rep. Robert Dole should win the Senate seat vacated by Frank Carlson. Dole has been an outstanding member of the House and a Senate forum should suit his talents well. Kansas Republicans also hope to pick up the governorship, the only major state office currently held by the opposition. In **Iowa**, former GOP state chairman Robert Ray is favored to win the governor's chair abandoned by Harold Hughes, a Democrat. Hughes has been a popular figure in the state, and his Senate race with David Stanley could be a squeaker. A new Republican House seat could result from the contest between Tom Riley of Cedar Rapids and Democrat John Culver.

Nebraska has no major statewide races this year, and Republicans are concentrating on turning back a determined challenge to Rep. Glenn Cunningham of Omaha. On the whole, the lower plains should return incumbent Republicans to Congress without a great deal of trouble. These include William Scherle, John Kyl and H.R. Gross, dean of House economizers, in **Iowa**; Larry Winn, Garner Shriver, and Joe Skubitz of **Kansas**; Nebraskan freshman Rep. Robert Denney and David Martin, running for his fifth term.

The upper tier of Midwestern states offers minor prospects of political change. Neither Michigan nor Minnesota has statewide races, while **Wisconsin**'s Gov. Warren Knowles, Republican, and Sen. Gaylord Nelson, Democrat, are both favored for re-election. Nelson's Republican opponent, Jerris Leonard, will reportedly need strong help from the national ticket to win. A House campaign here that should interest readers of this journal features Milwaukee Republican Robert Dwyer, who has written for NATIONAL REVIEW

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("I Know About the Negroes and the Poor," Dec. 17, 1963) in an uphill battle against the extremely liberal Henry Reuss.

Another Senate race in which Republicans seek a turnover occurs in **South Dakota**, where Democratic dove George McGovern goes against former Gov. Archie Gubbrud. An October poll showed the two candidates neck and neck. Neighboring **North Dakota** should send GOP Sen. Milton Young back to Washington and could conceivably replace three-term Democratic Gov. William Guy in Bismarck with Republican Robert McCarney. Few House changes are anticipated in this area, although Democrats talk of turning out some of the freshman Republicans in **Michigan** —one of the few states where Humphrey appears to be running a comparatively strong race.

Among the conservative GOPers favored for re-election in the upper Midwest are Thomas Kleppe (**North Dakota**), E. Y. Berry (**South Dakota**), Melvin Laird, Henry Schadeberg, John Byrnes, Glenn Davis and Vernon Thomson (**Wisconsin**), Ancher Nelsen and Odin Langen (**Minnesota**), Edward Hutchinson, Charles Chamberlain and Elford Cederberg (**Michigan**).

The South

The Wallace candidacy will slow the GOP advance in Dixie, but Republican leaders are hoping for some important victories anyway. In fact, the party's chances of picking up one new Senate seat and one new governorship here are considered good to excellent.

The Southern Republican deemed most likely to succeed this year is **Florida** Rep. Ed Gurney, who is reportedly leading in his Senate race with former Gov. LeRoy Collins. Democrats are hurting from a hard-fought primary election in which Collins barely nosed out conservative Earl Faircloth, and this boosts Gurney's chances. The Florida GOP is seeking House seats in the 9th District, where GOPer Robert Rust opposes Democrat Paul Rogers, and the 12th, where articulate young conservative Mike Thompson confronts veteran liberal Dante Fascell. Thompson nearly turned the trick two years ago. Republican Congressman J. Herbert Burke has redistricting problems, but party spokesmen say he can win. GOP Rep. William Cramer is without opposition.

The outstanding chance for a Republican gubernatorial win in Dixie is the **North Carolina** campaign of Rep. Jim Gardner, waging an effective Ronald Reagan-style bid for the Raleigh statehouse. A congressional race of note involves former baseball star Wilmer "Vinegar Bend" Mizell, viewed as a possible winner in the state's 5th District. Fred Steele of Durham and William Osteen of Greensboro are also touted as potential victors for the party in state congressional contests. Solidly conservative GOP Rep. Charles Jonas has no Democratic opponent, while Rep. James Broyhill must do battle with incumbent Democrat Basil Whitener.

If Strom Thurmond can swing **South Carolina** into the GOP column, there is a chance that Marshall Parker, who narrowly lost to Ernest Hollings in '66, will give the Palmetto State a second Republican senator. A new Republican House seat is sought by John Grisso in the 3rd District while Albert Watson is bidding for re-election in the 2nd. **Georgia** Republicans recently received a pick-me-up when a number of elected Democratic officials crossed over to the GOP, and this could help the party retain its present House seats and pick up a new one in Joe Tribble's 1st District campaign. Former GOP House member Prentiss Walker is seeking election once more in **Mississippi**'s 4th congressional district, while young conservative David Treen goes against liberal wheelhorse Hale Boggs in New Orleans. All of these campaigns, needless to remark, will be strongly affected by the way the Wallace vote breaks.

The Wallace factor looms largest, of course, in **Alabama**. Democratic congressional candidates are listed on the same ballot as the Wallace Presidential ticket, menacing Republican Reps. Jack Edwards, William Dickinson, and John Buchanan. It is worth noting, however, that all three managed to pull through in '66 when Mrs. Wallace headed the Democratic state ticket. The GOP is running Senate candidate Perry Hooper for the seat of the retiring Lister Hill, but the Wallace tide makes it unlikely that this post, which the GOP narrowly missed acquiring in 1962, can be transferred to the Republicans.

Nixon is said to have a fair chance of winning **Virginia, Tennessee, Texas**, and **Kentucky**—again contingent on the Wallace performance. If the Republican showing is strong enough, the party could conceivably snare two new congressional seats in **Virginia** with the 5th (Weldon Tuck) and 7th (A. R. Giessen Jr.) Districts considered likely prospects. Reps. William Scott, Joel Broyhill, Richard Poff and William Wampler should all be back in Washington come January. In **Texas**, the GOP hopes to hold its present three congressional seats and gain some new ones through the efforts of Ray Gabler in the 10th District, Frank Crowley in the 13th, and Walter Blaney in the 20th. The incumbents standing for re-election are James Collins, George Bush, and Robert Price. GOP gubernatorial candidate Paul Eggers is fighting an uphill battle against Democratic

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Lt. Gov. Preston Smith for control of the Austin statehouse.

An election heavy with meaning for the nation, although relatively unpublicized, is taking place in **Arkansas**, where Republican Charles Bernard is opposing superdove J. William Fulbright. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee chairman had some rough going in the Democratic primary, and his intraparty opposition could be his undoing yet. Bernard is still a decided underdog, however, and is slugging away at Fulbright's "accommodationist" cold war stance and making a strong appeal to conservatives. Gov. Winthrop Rockefeller is favored to win again, and the GOP hopes to bring Rep. John Paul Hammerschmidt through the Wallace siege intact.

The West

The Rocky Mountain and Pacific States bid fair to continue their recent performance as the most thoroughly Republican section of the country. There are some question marks, however, in crucial races.

Among the most important of the Western elections is the **California** Senate contest, where polls have Republican nominee Max Rafferty in a come-from-behind race against liberal Democrat Alan Cranston. There are a number of House races to note in California, including those of Republican aspirants Larry Fargher (9th), Joe Blatchford (17th), Joe Holt (22nd), Bill Orozco (29th), James Dunn (31st), Bill Teague (34th), and Mike Schaefer (37th). Turnovers will be difficult, but the seats sought by Holt, Orozco, and Teague are listed as marginal.

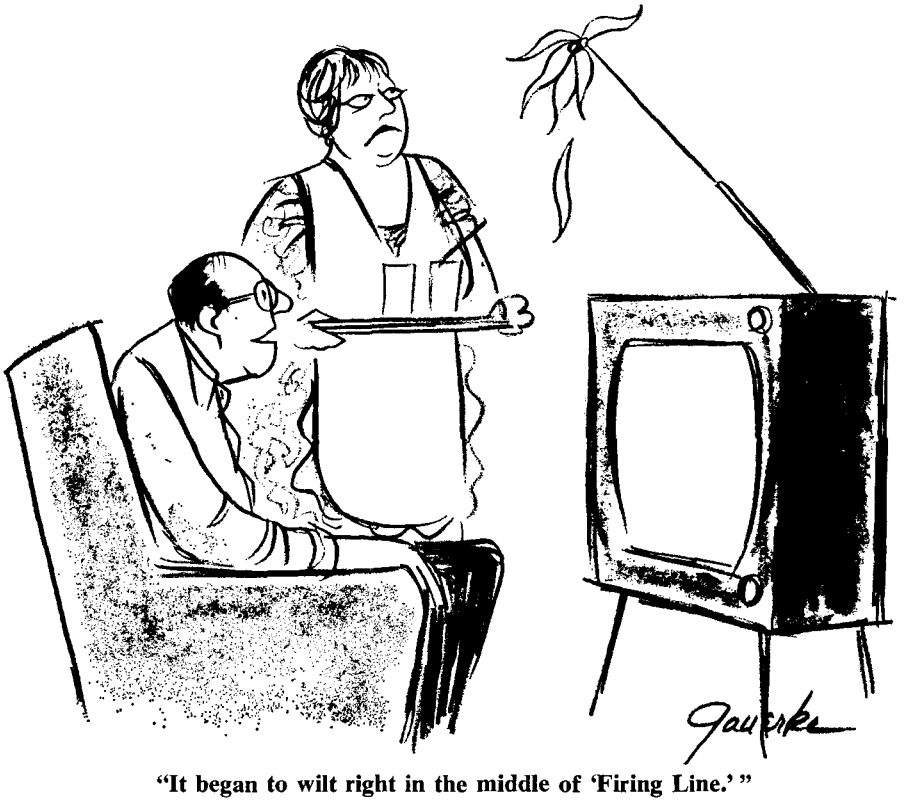
The big Republican House delegation from California (seventeen incumbents, second only to Ohio) should make it through November in relatively good condition. Among the conservatives in this group are H. Allen Smith, Glenard Lipscomb, Del Clawson, Bob Mathias, Ed Reinecke, Don Clausen, Jerry Pettis, James Utt, and Craig Hosmer. The congressmen would be boosted toward victory by a strong Nixon showing in the state, although the Democrats will be trying hard to knock off the freshmen elected in '66.

In the state of **Washington**, Republican Jack Metcalf has a tough assignment in opposing veteran Sen. Warren Magnuson, liberal GOP Gov. Dan Evans is in a tight race for re-election, and standout conservative Bob Eberle, leader of the state Young Republicans, is running hard for the congressional seat in the 7th (Seattle) District. **Oregon**'s campaign revolves around testy Sen. Wayne Morse, engaged in a photo-finish contest with Republican moderate Robert Packwood. **Alaska**, which has been heading steadily toward Republicanism in the last few years, may elect GOPer Elmer Rasmuson to Ernest Gruening's Senate seat. **Hawaii** is expected to remain a Democratic stronghold.

The Rocky Mountain states could supply the 1969 Senate with two added voices for conservatism—Barry Goldwater's in **Arizona** and George Hansen's in **Idaho**. Goldwater is accounted a strong favorite to defeat Roy Elson, while Hansen, an impressive young congressman, is running a close race with dove Sen. Frank Church. Hansen's House seat is being sought by another Republican of the same name—Orval Hansen of Idaho Falls. **Arizona**'s Republican Gov. Jack Williams is favored to carry his state again. In **Colorado**, Senator Peter Dominick, a talented party spokesman, is bidding for re-election, and the GOP is seeking a House seat in the 3rd District, where Paul Bradley goes against Democrat Frank Evans. **Montana** Gov. Tim Babcock is in a reportedly close contest, while the GOP hopes Dick Smiley of Bozeman will win the state's second House seat.

One of the most noteworthy of this year's congressional races is taking place in **New Mexico**, where Ed Foreman of Las Cruces, a former GOP congressman from Texas, opposes Rep. E. S. Johnny Walker. Foreman was a stalwart conservative in his previous House tenure, and would be an asset to the cause were he returned to Washington. In **Nevada**, GOPer Edward Fike, Lt. Gov. under Paul Laxalt, goes against Sen. Alan Bible, while **Utah** Republican Carl Beuhner is challenging Gov. Calvin Rampton. Utah is one of only two Western states with Democratic governors (Hawaii is the other), and a strong national tide could end this exception to Republican rule.

Western GOP congressmen considered good bets for re-election include John Rhodes and Sam Steiger (**Arizona**), Donald Brotzmann (**Colorado**), James McClure (**Idaho**), James Battin (**Montana**), Howard Pollock (**Alaska**), Thomas Pelly and Catherine May (**Washington**), and Laurence Burton and Sherman Lloyd (**Utah**). John Wold, who ran for the Senate in 1964, is expected to succed to the **Wyoming** House seat formerly held by William Henry Harrison, whom Wold defeated in this year's Republican primary. □



"It began to wilt right in the middle of 'Firing Line.'"

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RELIGION

The Plight of American Protestantism

WILL HERBERG

THE RECENT SESSION of the World Council of Churches at Uppsala, Sweden, has raised many questions. But, most of all, perhaps, the old question. How is it possible for this, and similar church bodies in this country, so highly placed and apparently so reputable, to make public proclamation of such far-out utterances on social and political affairs and yet not arouse the slightest reaction, positive or negative, among the masses of the lay people, or even among large segments of the clergy? After the session at Uppsala, it is true, the *National Observer* (July 22, 1968) was moved to inquire in its headline: "Is it prophecy or merely noise?" But even such mild comment was unusual. Usually, the resolutions of the World Council of Churches, the National Council of Churches, and similar church bodies produce hardly a ripple on the surface, smooth or troubled, of public opinion in this country. Virtually no one thinks there is any point in taking issue, although the sentiments expressed are demonstrably utterly contrary to the opinions and convictions of the American people.

So Much Tinkling Brass?

How are we to account for this curious anomaly: men, as I have said, highly placed and reputable, sounding off like a conference of the New Left, and yet meeting with blank indifference on the part of the masses of Americans, who go about their business, such as it is, as though the church leaders weren't saying anything.

Perhaps they aren't! There was a time, through the nineteenth century, but especially in the decades around the Civil War, when Protestant church leaders were in vital contact with the real affairs of the community and nation, and very influential in these affairs. The part these men, Methodist bishops, Congregational and Presbyterian clergy, played in public life has not yet been adequately assessed; it runs deep in the very warp and woof of American history. Churchmen, in those days, were indeed community leaders, national, sectional, and local; no one could, or did, ignore what they were saying. Church leaders saw their participation in public life as part of the "mission enterprise," by which they meant spreading Protestant Christianity (their denominational brand, naturally), advancing education, promoting the national destiny and social improvement throughout the land (and, somewhat later, abroad). They were constantly "interfering" in politics, not by way of resolutions, though they had them, too, on occasion, but by way of personal connections and influence. Politicians and statesmen in high places took far more seriously than we can imagine today what the eminent churchmen were thinking and doing. And it goes without saying that these churchmen were, on all levels, the "natural" leaders of their communities.

Round about the 1890s, a profound change in the situation began to set in, which became accentuated with the passing years. The advancing secularization of American life was slowly replacing the Protestant minister with the banker and businessman in positions of effective community leadership. College presidents, and senior professors of "moral philosophy," to take only one aspect, and not the most important, were no longer so obviously clergymen, though clergymen still remained on the boards of trustees. The story could be extended in all directions; the outcome would be very much the same: Protestant churchmen were definitely being displaced as "natural" community leaders, and being rapidly relegated to the periphery of effective community life, with which they were losing all vital contact. No longer would a Lincoln, ordinarily so impatient of outside interference, treat with a Methodist bishop —unofficially, of course—to help sway a border state to the Union cause. Protestant clergymen were now there simply to offer public prayers, to maintain a "high moral tone," and to exhibit their idealism and "social concern."

Once it had been the "mission enterprise"; now it became "social concern." Is it not ironical that to the degree that Protestant clergymen were losing their effective influence in public affairs, they were beginning to be absorbed in "social concerns" and to multiply "social action" agencies? Such things gave them a sense, largely illusory, of course, of still possessing a certain amount of public effectiveness. So, too, the Social Gospel: its career, especially in the later stages, marked (paradoxically enough) the increasing distance now coming to separate the theologians and top churchmen from the real affairs of the nation. "Social concern" came to mean the proclamation of ideals, the concocting of programs, vain posturing, and empty railing at the "power structure." It would be invidious to single out names, but the reader will easily supply them.

Alienated Intelligentsia

In a recent article in these columns ("Alienation, 'Dissent,' and the Intellectual," *NR*, July 30, 1968), I called attention to the underlying social and cultural factors that were producing an alienated intelligentsia, even in our country. It is evident that disproportionate numbers of Protestant clergymen, especially on the higher levels, must be counted among this aggregation of alienated "outsiders," whose way of life and thought has now become a posture of "dissent." And why not? These men, clergymen and theologians, are, in a way, intellectuals, but they are losing all place of effective influence in our society, to which they obviously think they are entitled. Church tradition, grown much weaker, is no longer able to sustain them in their self-image. Naturally, they grow disaffected, malcontent, hostile—not about this issue or that; that is a symptom, not a cause—but in an underlying life-stance. Some of these theologians and churchmen become very radical indeed, reflecting the deep frustration of having to sound off in all directions without being able to arouse the least interest, except in their own narrow circles.

This deracination of so many Protestant clergymen is, in some cases, promoted by administrative ecclesiastical policy, which keeps the local clergyman moving from place to place every few years, thus literally preventing him from

(Continues on p. 1126)

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ELSPETH HUXLEY

THE EMPEROR WILSON

AFRICAN AFFAIRS

Since his cruise in *HMS Tiger* Mr. Harold Wilson has learnt something, if even only to be civil to his guests and to drop the pompous talk of rebels, governors and legality. A basic fact of political life still eludes him: that you cannot dictate to other peoples' governments, you can only negotiate. On *HMS Fearless* Mr. Wilson was not trying to negotiate with Mr. Smith, he was trying to dictate. "This is how Rhodesia must be governed for the next fifteen years," was what in effect he said, in some detail. And anyone who didn't like the way Rhodesia was being governed was to have the right to appeal to the judicial committee of the Privy Council, i.e. to a bench of British judges whose decisions would override those of Rhodesia's courts and parliament.

If this is independence, Mr. Wilson is a mountain goat. What Mr. Smith was told—not asked—to do was to sign away Rhodesia's UDI. The British Prime Minister still can't stomach the fact that Smith took independence first and asked afterwards, or not at all. Why he ever expected Mr. Smith's Rhodesian Front to agree, even with a bribe of £50 millions over ten years to speed up African education, is a mystery.

When it comes to African advancement the British case is, in the view of most people, much stronger than that of the white Rhodesians. While it is now clear that African self-rule is no prelude to the millennium, it is equally clear that Africans have as much right to enjoy self-rule, or suffer from it, as anyone else, and that nothing can stop it but conquest and suppression on Communist lines. Mr. Smith and his white Rhodesians are committing wishful thinking when they see it as a small cloud in the sky a long, long way off. If Mr. Wilson is behaving like an old-style imperialist hyena, Mr. Smith is putting on an ostrich act. Sooner or later he will have to pull up his neck and negotiate. This he appears quite willing to do, so far as one can see, but he has got to have someone to negotiate with. And he is faced, on one battleship after another, not with a negotiator but with a victorious commander dictating terms to a vanquished foe. The snag is that he had not vanquished the foe.

The details of the constitution which the British propose for Rhodesia do not seem to be unacceptable to the Rhodesians in the main, nor do they infringe Britain's famous six principles. That would suggest that the quarrel is no longer really about the six principles—that is, about African advancement. It is still, fundamentally, about Britain's relations with Rhodesia: about the British determination not to let Rhodesia go. The ostensible reason for this is that Britain, and Britain only, can safeguard the future of the four-and-a-half million Africans. This might be considered a matter for argument, say by the Biafrans, rather than a fact written in tablets of stone.

What the white Rhodesians cannot stomach is the British requirement that they must put themselves for the next fifteen years at the mercy of a committee of British judges, to whom any individual who feels himself wronged might apply. This quite simply restores a measure of imperialism to Britain, for the last fifteen years hellbent on shedding colonies as fast as possible and shaking off the nasty stigma of colonialism. But the restoration is to be for whites only, like those park benches and lavatories in South Africa that everyone objects to so strongly. It's an upside-down world.

There are signs that British left-wing opinion is at long last waking up to the pretty obvious fact that if they did succeed in their loudly trumpeted aim to dislodge rebel Smith, his place would not be taken by a happy band of multiracial liberals singing hippie songs but by a definitely un-liberal gang who would deprive Africans of many rights and privileges they enjoy at present, and turn Rhodesia's feet towards, and not away from, apartheid. Plain as this has been from the beginning, it has been hidden from the officials of the Commonwealth Relations Office who advise Her Majesty's Government, from Mr. Wilson and his cabinet colleagues and from most of the press, television and radio pundits. With a slightly surprised air, they are now making such comments as: "It is not in the interest of Britain to weaken Mr. Smith, since the threat to Mr. Smith comes from the Right, not the moderates"—the *Times*. What else has Britain been trying to do, urged on by the *Times* among others, but to weaken Mr. Smith?

And now, it seems, deadlock; sanctions dragging on, futilely as to attaining their objective, destructively as to Rhodesia's economy. It is a fine objective, come to think of it, for the UN to set itself—to bring economic ruin to a country inhabited by, as is so often pointed out, a handful of whites and nearly five million Africans. Out, if it succeeded, would go the big black baby with the few pints of white bathwater. Sanctions will not succeed in their objective, but they will succeed in making everything more difficult for everyone except the Chinese Communists, whose path of infiltration via the Tanzan railroad and other routes will be considerably smoothed.

Everyone is leaning over backwards not to slam doors and another round of talks is not ruled out. They cannot succeed so long as no one can din into the thick Wilsonian head that when you lay down the imperial scepter, you cannot go on using it to bash people on the head. Next time, if there is one, he must go as a negotiator, not as a dictator; and perhaps it would be better if they gave up meeting in battleships and got together in the more mundane surroundings generally favored by negotiators, such as round a conference table on dry land. □

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CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Illusion and Counter Illusion

MAX GELTMAN

MANY ILLUSIONS went out the window with the Czech crisis, not the least of which is the so-called convergence theory. This argued that Soviet Communism was gradually but perceptibly moving in the direction of freedom while we were just as ineluctably heading for socialism. Somewhere mid-point between slavery and freedom both systems would "converge" and all the world would heave a cosmic sigh of relief that Utopia had been gained without firing a shot.

The convergence theory which arrived with Khrushchev's thaw is especially popular in the Academy where mindless dons who profess such "ologies" as urbanology and sociology hold forth. It also has its coterie of partisans on the editorial pages of the *New York Times*. From these sources the politician-intellectual gets the message which he re-distills in deep and mumbling undertones to suit the taste and intelligence of his constituents who, he is convinced, couldn't spell Czechoslovakia even if they could place it properly on the map. Naturally, it was these exponents of the convergence doctrine who were most surprised by the occupation of Czechoslovakia by the troops of the Warsaw Pact nations. Yet, it had been clear for a long time—from the time the Czechs made the first trembling noises about "liberalization" of the regime—that the Russians would not permit a contiguous satellite to enjoy more freedom than it was prepared to allot its own citizens. In fact, with the first words in *Pravda* placing the stigma of "counter-revolutionary" on those who talked about such bourgeois things as "free press," "free radio," "free speech," etc., the death knell had sounded for Dubcek and his regime. And when he went dutifully to Bratislava to sign a compact with his masters, only the editors of the *Times* and its like-minded satellites represented by the noisier audio-visual media were taken in, reporting concessions, compromises and agreements which the next day's realities brought into focus with the entry of Soviet, Polish, Bulgarian, Hungarian and East German troops on Czech soil. And, finally, when Dubcek went to Moscow in chains and came back alive it could only mean that he had decided to serve the Soviet fatherland as his own Kadar.

That the total subjugation of the nation was in the offing was virtually spelled out at the hastily contrived Security Council meeting when Czech representative Muzik, after some pitiful remarks about the uncomradely behavior of a fellow socialist nation, went on to berate U. S. UN Ambassador George Ball for daring to compare the rape of Czechoslovakia with the brutal crushing of the Hungarian freedom fighters in 1956. Said Mr. Muzik: "It is not the same thing. In Hungary we stood side by side with our Soviet brothers in helping to crush the counter-revolutionaries." Yakov Malik, the Soviet bully-boy at the United Nations, was quick to grasp the meaning of Muzik's remarks and in brazen contempt of world opinion heaped scorn and lies upon the Council, knowing that he would prevail as he prepared to cast the 105th veto, wiping out a pious and toothless Western resolution deploring this, that and the other thing. He knew that time and tanks were on his side and that NATO was in disarray.

OBVIOUSLY THERE will be new efforts made to restore the somewhat shattered illusion of convergence. On September 5 the *New York Times* carried a five-column headline informing the world that "Czech Aides Are Relaxed in Implementing New Censorship," while a few days later it assured its readers in 48-point type that "Prague Assures Nation on Rights of the Individual." Soon, perhaps sooner than one might reasonably expect, a Harvard professor will trot out a revised version of the theory to prove that things are not quite so bad for the Czechoslovaks as to warrant abandoning so peace-loving a concept, and the new Marxian theoreticians will discover some early writings of the Master in which he was quite disdainful of the Czechs as a people and as a nation. Oh, yes, they will discover it—as the Russian Bolsheviks have long known it existed—so that they can easily overwhelm comrades Svoboda and Dubcek with the words of the founding father of the doctrine to which they give unswerving allegiance. After such dialectical presentation of the facts (plus a couple of clouts on the head) it is not so difficult to understand why Dubcek was rather suddenly ready to accept the terms laid down for the "socialist and fraternal understanding between brother parties."

Of course, the matter of German troops on Czech soil was the most provocative and sensitive issue posed by the occupation. That is why one of the first demands of the Red fuehrers was that the word "occupation" be made non-operative and must henceforth never appear in a Czech newspaper, book or magazine, or be heard over the radio or uttered on television. Having eliminated the word, the deed of occupation could continue.

But if the illusion of convergence was somewhat shattered by the events in Czechoslovakia, the greater illusion of "democratic socialism" took an even bigger beating. At least it can be hoped so, although the capacity for self-deception on this score is almost the only virtue left to most old-line socialists and their liberalistic sympathizers. These people hang on to this preposterous illusion more than to life itself—and because of it some otherwise decent, if unwise, Czechs like Foreign Minister Jiri Hajek, whom the Red fascists have pointedly identified by his proper and Jewish name of Karpeles, will probably go to their death. Proving what? Proving that illusions die hard, not only in Prague but in New York and London and Tel Aviv.

Democratic socialism! What a fantasy! Because of it Lenin could make mincemeat of his opposition, finding the very words, in their contiguity, offensive. The only concession he made to the concept was to declare for "democratic centralism." This argued for absolute and selective "majority" rule in the Party (the majority, regardless of bourgeois arithmetic, was always with the vanguard party of the working class) over its own internal opposition and over the nation as a whole. The

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Party rules. This is fundamental Leninist and Bolshevik doctrine. And Dubcek knew it when he went to Moscow and he knows it now.

To the socialist ignoramuses, as Lenin called them, who questioned him about multiple parties he replied, "Of course we believe in them—one party in power and all the others in jail." This dictum has been repeated by all the little Bolsheviks in all countries for fifty years, for it is a prime tenet of the revolutionary socialist *Weltanschauung*.

Of course so-called democratic socialists argue for the rights of "free speech," and "free press," and "multiple parties," but always within the context of what they call "socialist legality." That means, simply, that these "freedoms" are reserved only for the defenders of socialism and are not meant for those who would challenge or destroy it. But, say the Russians, speaking with iron logic, the class enemy is everywhere. He is not confined to those open and ill-concealed predators who operate on Wall Street; he may even be detected in the posh executive chambers of capitalist giants of the West without whose capable computers the task of deploying five armies on as many fronts would not have come off so quickly nor so efficiently.

Actually what brought about the sudden incursion of Soviet wrath was the attempt on the part of the Czech party leadership to bend the doctrine of socialism in the direction of real and meaningful and viable freedom. Whether they did so innocently or out of a desire to break with it, the Russians were correct in seeing a "counter-revolutionary threat"—in terms of their own logic and ideological convictions—and not because of all the rigmarole by the amateur experts who want to provide an excuse for Soviet ruthlessness by pointing the Czech "dagger" at the heart of West Germany. But the détenteists have been able to get a good deal of mileage out of the fear of imaginary threats from that direction, pointing to the emergence of neo-Nazis and a rearmed Germany as posing a threat to Russian existence, as if the threat were real, and not bought and paid for by Soviet intelligence. The Russians know that even if they tear up all those clauses in the Yalta agreement which they find inconvenient, such as guaranteeing free elections to their satellites, they have assurance that America will never "dishonor" its commitment to allow the Kremlin absolute hegemony over eastern Europe. That is why we abandoned the people of Hungary in their quest for freedom; that is why, despite the armed intervention in Czechoslovakia, we will do nothing about it, but will, in fact, participate with the invaders in a trade fair in that troubled nation—to show them, the Red fascists, that business is business and protest is protest, but the spirit of Yalta goes on—forever?

Stepping Backward

So, the Russians were not afraid of what West Germany would do, nor what the NATO "powers" would not do. But a threat from within, challenging a fundamental of socialism—the Party rules—had to be put down quickly and with as little noise and as many tanks as required. Young men could wear long hair and play decadent music on their guitars in Wenceslas Square, for all they cared. After all, as Lenin said: "Two steps forward, one step backward," and he never regarded the "step backward" as a retreat from basic doctrine, but only as a pause in the forward movement of Communism. Sure, you promise a bit of freedom when things get too tight; or you let peasants sell sunflower seeds in the open market—if you want sunflower seeds to chew. But you do not suddenly start talking about freedom of movement, without restrictions, freedom of the press to criticize socialist institutions, freedom to speak too critically of socialist production methods—and worst of all, making noises that translated into Russian sounded very much as if the Czechs were prepared to allow other parties to participate in the kind of total elections that pass for socialist legitimacy. In no other satellite—not in Yugoslavia, or Poland, or Rumania—was freedom, or the quest for it, snuffed out so soon and so cruelly as in Czechoslovakia. And that because the Czechs did, it seems, want to go farther than any other satellite had done, except for the Hungarians who, in fact, wanted an overturn of the Communist regime, even if they did hope to install that vaguest of all contradictory dreams —socialist democracy. For such illusions breed counter-illusions and these, in turn, breed terror and repression.

The commitment to socialism must entail an abandonment of freedom, at least as we in the West understand that term. Certainly so democratic a socialist as George Bernard Shaw was not jesting or speaking pejoratively when he said that socialism is forced labor with a firing squad at the end of the line. That is the theory in a nutshell. It is either that—or it is counter-revolution, as the Communists understand it. And Dubcek, being the first secretary of the Party, knew the theory from Marx to Lenin. But the Czech people did not know it. And for them the invasion, the denial of the partial freedoms achieved under the Dubcek regime is a genuine loss, all the more grievous in that they enjoyed its fruits so briefly and that they resisted so magnificently, not knowing that we—with our free press and our free radio and free television and our free institutions—would do nothing, absolutely nothing, to help them.

Should we have helped them? Of course. Could we have helped them? That is a more difficult question to answer. But we might have done so, even if it did not mean a demand for instant withdrawal of Soviet and satellite troops from Czech soil by way of a confrontation with NATO forces. For instance, why did we not declare, when Soviet troops started maneuvering on the borders of Czechoslovakia, that we would reopen for discussion and clarification the very Yalta Pact behind which the tanks started moving? Surely the Russians might not have reacted favorably, but a pact is a pact, and totalitarians from Hitler to Stalin to Brezhnev-Kosygin insist on masking their aggressions behind some kind of legality, that is why they cried to deaf ears (it is true) that they were "invited" to enter Czechoslovakia to help put down a "counter-revolution." If it accomplished nothing else, it might have given the Czech people a feeling that they had not been abandoned, that they had not been a pawn in a big-power struggle in which both America and Russia connived, as the crude and simplistic London *New Statesman* implies and as de Gaulle hints.

It might have helped; it might have worked; one can never be sure of such things, but it couldn't have harmed the Czechs and might have lifted their morale and helped build a future deposit of goodwill for America, not only in that country, but in the hearts of the many millions imprisoned behind the Iron Curtain. □

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FIVE YEARS LATER

Kennedy: The Making of a Myth

CECIL OSBAINE

On a late fall afternoon, returning from lunch to UN headquarters in New York, I was told by my shocked friends of the death of President Kennedy. I can see their faces now—grave and worried, reflecting minds struggling to adjust to a sudden and completely unforeseen change in our political environment.

A few minutes later I was in the crowded Delegates' Lounge of the General Assembly. And I saw and heard things there which didn't make sense to me—things which aroused my curiosity and which I am not sure I fully understand even today. Delegates from India, Nigeria and even Sweden were literally grief-stricken. One of my Indian friends told me, with tears streaming down his cheeks, that the death of President Kennedy was a greater and more painful tragedy than was the death of Gandhi.

This kind of empathy with Americans at a moment of national tragedy led me to believe that perhaps America was, after all, the second homeland of all educated men. Perhaps the grief I saw reflected an unspoken admiration and affection for the United States, for its culture and its people. But this didn't fit another fact which fairly leaped out at the casual observer. Among foreign delegations (except for the Communists, of course) the symptoms of near-hysterical grief were evident in inverse proportion to the degree of friendship and cooperation which each delegation had been showing for the United States. And within particular delegations, the grief-stricken individuals were the very ones who had in the past weeks been least cooperative with the American delegation, the ones who had been most ready to run errands for the Russians, the ones most eager to stick pins in the United States. A closer analysis showed that cosmopolitan, sophisticated "pros" among the foreigners at the UN tended not to be deeply affected by the death of an American President. It was those who were new to the trade of diplomacy or those who didn't pretend to be diplomats but were rather teachers, lawyers, or politicians who took Kennedy's death as a pesonal blow.

During the next week I could observe, through the funeral and the killing of Oswald, two more phenomena which didn't seem to be predictable. One was that those foreigners who were so deeply affected by Kennedy's death seemed to leap, as did Chief Justice Warren, to the conclusion that the President was killed by ultra-conservative forces personified by Dallas and Texas. Unlike the Chief Justice, but like *most* American intellectuals, my grief-stricken friends continued to assume that a conservative conspiracy must have been behind the assassination.

These observations left me puzzled and troubled. During the next two years in Washington and the following three years in India and Pakistan, I made a hobby of analyzing the reactions of foreign intellectuals, particularly those of the underdeveloped countries, to the death of President Kennedy and to related events and patterns of events.

It was soon evident that non-intellectuals abroad tended to react in normal, predictable patterns except insofar as they were influenced by the non-standard and unpredicted reaction of the intellectuals. The reaction of the non-intellectuals was in general not intense and did not involve personal values. Inquiry should obviously be concentrated on those who defined themselves as members of an educated minority.

I found that most foreign intellectuals were eager to talk to Americans about their reactions to the death of Kennedy, but there was a qualitative change in their disclosures as individual discussions went deeper. These qualitative changes were remarkable in their extent, and I was never able, in an individual case, to reach a level of inquiry and response which seemed to represent a stable emotional level. This characteristic was so marked that I would often observe reactions of an individual to a remark about Kennedy as a method of determining whether he could be expected to react as an intellectual to other events and situations.

What was John F. Kennedy in the mind of a typical underdeveloped intellectual? It seems almost certain that a kind of identification with Kennedy lay at the bottom of these easily observed and deep emotions. But why should a Nigerian schoolteacher or a junior official in Pakistan choose John F. Kennedy as an object of identification?

The John F. Kennedy they identified with was not the real Kennedy—their image of Kennedy bore hardly more than a coincidental resemblance to the real Kennedy. They had not been "sold" a false image of Kennedy, although some of the Madison Avenue techniques used in American political campaigns may have given the initial impetus and even some of the direction to the process of enlarging Kennedy much bigger than life. The Kennedy they saw in their hearts was, first and foremost, a self-aware intellectual, even as they themselves. There is no doubt whatever that Kennedy to them represented a creative academic intellect. His *Profiles in Courage*, for example, is regarded by his foreign admirers as an intellectual landmark; it is fervently believed that he wrote his own speeches just as Lincoln did. Many foreign intellectuals have memorized parts and even entire texts of Kennedy speeches. By a remarkable exegesis, they interpret some of Kennedy's more vapid and meaningless public utterances as clarion calls against racial persecution, social injustice, and the philistine mores of the middle class.

Kennedy is further regarded as being so "progressive" as to be revolutionary. He is, in myth, rapidly becoming a doctrinaire socialist, his squabble with the steel companies an Armageddon against capitalism, his American University speech a valiant effort to call off the cold war.

Kennedy's wealth is recognized, but it is emphasized that John Kennedy himself never made the money. The senior Kennedy (who appears on the stage only for this purpose) had presented him with great wealth. But the Kennedy of the myth is above all an

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aristocrat—his social standing is beyond the reach of his detractors; his is the self-confidence which comes of casual, careless certainty of superiority, of supreme self-confidence.

But the Kennedy of myth is also a "fun" person who, when he relaxes, can be identified with the sophistication of the American entertainment industry—with the blasé film hero in a nightclub. His adoring, beautiful, wealthy wife, who is also an intellectual and a progressive, is his feminine mirror image. They complement each other, figures of power, grace, beauty, and confidence.

It is not difficult to see why a foreign intellectual could identify deeply with such a figure. But why should the individual chosen for this glorification be an American?

Here one must turn to Eric Hoffer's analysis of the non-creative intellectual as a class, with class interests and class aspirations which are international in scope. The underdeveloped intellectual is caught in a love-hate relationship to the United States. He is awed by the material achievements of the United States, but horrified by our mass culture and our mass-oriented pluralistic political and economic systems. The U.S., if he looks at it dispassionately, forces upon him the necessity for choice between material achievement without class barriers or the retention of a compartmented social structure with poverty and weakness as its price. The very fact that his traditional orientation as an intellectual is antithetical to the prosperity, pride and power he lusts for is too devastating an idea to be faced. It must be shunted aside, and the minds of intellectuals the world over are cluttered with shunting mechanisms, operable and inoperable.

Identification with the mythical construct of John F. Kennedy was a most efficient shunting device. Here is John Kennedy—here is what *I* would be if I were an American! Here am I, the proud, self-confident tamer and shaper of this powerful but mindless beast, hitherto guided by middle-class morality and middle-class politics. Though the American people be ever so stubborn, though populist politicians be ever so noisome and clever, though the Pentagon warmongers and the racists and the forces of capitalism be ever so strongly entrenched—yet will I slay the dragon, yet will I win the people to a proper respect for their intellectual superiors! And I will do it all with grace and beauty!

Only thus can we comprehend the general correlation between hatred of American mass culture and love for a President of the United States. Only thus can we comprehend the world-wide genuine grief over the death of John Kennedy. But—the depth of that grief was not a measure of affection for the United States. It was a measure of hatred for the United States.

And with the hero of myth dead, what then? The next step is quite necessary, of course—death cannot come to the mythic hero by a casual accident. The hero was overcome by the dragon, which dared not face him in the open. And what is the dragon? The dragon is everyday, Main Street America—the mass-culture America which regards intellectuals with amused contempt instead of the reverent awe which is their due, the America which can't respect its betters! John Kennedy *had* to be killed by an America which is represented in its striking arm by the armed forces, the CIA, the FBI, lynch mobs, Texas millionaires, and gangsters. Kennedy in his death proved the unregeneracy of the American mass culture—it killed its own savior.

Did Oswald Exist?

Therefore, we can predict that our foreign intellectual friends would tend to believe in all kinds of conspiracy theories about the assassination and reject the Warren Report. I have not talked to a single foreign intellectual who does not believe that in some way or other, directly or indirectly, Lyndon Johnson stands as the symbol of that conspiracy, as the symbol of capitalism and racism and militarism, and, worst of all, as the symbol of a mass culture which is powerful and successful and hence triply unfair and intolerable.

One other element is required to fill in the blank spaces of this great delusion—one other unpredictable symptom requires explanation. We can from the foregoing understand why foreign intellectuals must hold to conspiracy theories of the death of President Kennedy. But in my conversations another aspect gradually came into the foreground—a strong tendency to refuse to accept the reality of Lee Harvey Oswald at all! I have repeatedly had foreign intellectuals pretend that, though they knew all the other details of the assassination through one or another conspiracy theory, they had forgotten the name of the man who was killed by Jack Ruby, even though they knew Ruby's name. Others, who do know his name but believe him to be a dupe or martyr, pretend to be utterly ignorant of his life history and background. There is a strong tendency for a foreign intellectual to shift his eyes, change the subject, to even terminate the interview when he is confronted with a picture of Lee Harvey Oswald. What can be the reason for this widespread refusal to look in Oswald's eyes, to relive poor Oswald's miserable nightmare of a life?

Who is this Oswald who exists only as an unhealthy wraith, flitting around the edge of the epic tapestry? Why is he, poor wretch, denied even his true value as a human being while the mythic hero, blown up and blazoned, is magnified beyond reality? Kennedy is the projection of the better part, the dreams and the pseudo-idealism, of our typical foreign intellectual. But when our foreign intellectual looks at Oswald, he sees himself—he sees the bitterness and false pride, the shoddy imitation of creativity, the urge to destroy the measuring rods which make him seem petty. He tries to dodge away from the horrid truth—America didn't really kill the epic hero. He himself killed the glorious ideal. The perverted instincts which drove Oswald are the same instincts which drive the underdeveloped intellectual to try to destroy, if he cannot tame, the mass culture of America, and anything else which symbolizes a threat to his status and hopes.

So, the thought that there even might have been a Lee Harvey Oswald who might just possibly have killed the glorious symbol is something which must be smothered in the subconscious. The look in Oswald's eyes must be forgotten while the look in Kennedy's eyes must be glorified into something that never was.

Those tear-stained faces in the General Assembly Delegates' Lounge represent a complex of the lies that men tell themselves—the lies in which they enmesh themselves. There is a symmetry in the interlocking circles of deception. It may be that there is some variant of this pattern among American intellectuals. One would doubtless have to dig very deep to find out. □

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LETTER FROM BERKELEY

The Cleaver Compromise

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

On October third, the Berkeley professors laid their necks on the chopping block and handed a nicely sharpened axe (or perhaps a cleaver) to the Board of Regents and the campus radicals. Both groups are now vying for the honor of getting in the first whack.

Many people here will cheer when the heads begin to roll. The Berkeley faculty is as popular in California as Anglican clergymen in County Clare, and the Eldridge Cleaver controversy has not helped.

Statewide reaction was predictably violent when a bumbling Berkeley public-relations man casually announced on September 9th that Black Panther Cleaver would be the "principal lecturer" in a course to be given on campus for credit. Cleaver, an ex-convict who has served time for rape and attempted murder, is not a favorite with California taxpayers who send their children to Berkeley, and it surprised no one that the Board of Regents on September 20th passed a resolution limiting Cleaver to one lecture on campus and denying credit for the course.

At first the response of the faculty was cautious. "If you're going to have a Dreyfus case," said one professor, "you'd better be damned sure your Dreyfus is innocent." But during the last days of September, emotions were whipped up on campus. Political activists clouded the already murky issue by building it into a Ronald Reagan *versus* free speech battle, and the faculty began to weaken. And on October 3rd, under unusual conditions, the Berkeley Academic Senate decided to oppose the Board of Regents.

The resolution of the Senate urged those responsible for the course to go ahead with it as planned. In an amendment, however, apparently designed to dissipate some of the expected Regential wrath, the faculty was directed to "consult with the Chancellor, the President, and the Regents, for the purpose of rescinding the Regents' rulings." There is as much chance of persuading the Regents to rescind their ruling as there is of converting Max Rafferty to Buddhism. But it is a comment on the view of the real world held by the Berkeley faculty that they believe it possible. And the reaction of the campus activists was predictable. They were enraged that the faculty would consider negotiating with the Regents and they were bitter that the Senate did not insist in its resolution on a specific room assignment for the course. As the Huey Newton case could have demonstrated to the faculty, compromises make no one happy and often serve only to provide fuel for the fires of militant groups.

The atmosphere in which the professors made their decision was not conducive to the operation of good sense. The day began with a series of false fire alarms. As the trucks rolled across campus, agitators screamed about fascist plots to suppress the noon rally, at which Eldridge Cleaver was to be the chief speaker. By the time the bell-ringer in the campus campanile began to pound out his jangling noon-hour concert, people were already unusually jumpy. Students, ex-students, non-students, dogs, New-Leftists, hippies, bums, Berkeley high-schoolers, perverts, pickpockets, TV cameramen, junkies, lunatics, tourists, and professors—all milled around restlessly waiting for Cleaver. And when he appeared, the effect was electric. To the shrill delight of his audience he led an obscene chant against Ronald Reagan and made various lewd gestures at the TV cameras. The mob loved it. Cleaver is somewhat inarticulate, but his talk contained the two ingredients necessary for any successful speech at Berkeley, a vicious personal attack on the Governor and a liberal use of the word which Norman Mailer, in his more innocent days, wrote as "fug."

Several thousand spectators, thus inspired, left the plaza and marched toward the building in which the faculty was to assemble. They jammed around the main entrance to the hall, and as the professors approached they opened aisles through which they had to pass, much as hapless captives used to run Indian gauntlets. The first of them looked scared as they hesitantly followed their pipes down the aisles. But as each of the professors was given a huge ovation, they began to relax, some of them even flashing the V-for-Victory sign. One could sense an alien feeling growing among them, the feeling of being loved. The pipes puffed more fiercely, the tweedy shoulders squared, and the sidelong glances became increasingly paternal. These were their students, by God, their children, and they were fathers off to even accounts with the big bully Ronald Reagan who had blacked some filial eyes. The President and the Chancellor entered through the back door.

As the meeting began, it was obvious that everyone was worked up. Someone, perhaps the same public-relations man responsible for the initial handout of the Cleaver course announcement, had decided that the students should know what the faculty was doing and the faculty should know how the students felt about it. So two-way sound equipment was set up and the crowd outside could hear every word uttered in the auditorium. And the faculty inside could hear the reactions of the group outside.

Thus, whenever the faculty fumbled around with Roberts' *Rules of Order*, the roar of outrage from outside caused audible nervous grumbling inside. And whenever someone like Kenneth Stammp, one of the two or three most famous men on campus, tried to inject reason into the debate, the mob hooted and the faculty cut him short. ("Who the hell's this Stammp?" grumbled several well-educated spectators.) Another professor who tried to argue that Cleaver would be a harmful influence on students was jeered by the crowd because he spoke with a German accent. Student favorites, on the other hand, were well received. Assistant Professor Richard Lichtman, a Marxist recently returned from an idyllic stay in Cuba, was cheered when he advocated direct confrontation with the Regents. The faculty was careful to hear him out. (As soon as Lichtman finished speaking, his disciples circulated through the crowd selling pamphlets written by the professor for 50 cents apiece.) →

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The discussions inside never got off the ground. One professor tried to explain just how the Regents' decision was a violation of academic freedom and made a horrible mess of it. Another pointed out that the faculty had no legal basis for defying the Regential decision but was ruled out of order. And several professors attempted to question the academic validity of the course. They, of course, were hooted down.

And so, despite a lack of understanding of what they were doing or why, they decided to vote on the motion to defy the Regents. The hasty vote was caused by the audible presence of the mob outside. It was also precipitated in a rather comic way, however, by a sudden announcement from the chair that the auditorium had to be cleared for "another university function." The request no doubt came from the janitorial crew, a group which perhaps exercises a bit more influence here than the faculty. At any rate, the faculty decided to hurry the vote, despite the advice of the Chancellor, who wanted it delayed for a day or two until emotions subsided.

But the faculty voted hastily. Their resolution was an attack on the Regents, in that it demanded the course be given as planned. But it failed to appease the radicals because it did not insist that

(Continues on p. 1127)

The Dime's Worth of Difference Candidate Profile Analysis Theorem

An Unpublished Behavioral Study Submitted to National Review *by Timothy J. Wheeler*

The two-party system that marked this nation-group's simpler agronomo-heteropolistic origins, although frequently the object of telling criticisms by the most effete and distinguished scholars, nonetheless provided a high coefficient of audio-visual recognition data against a low quantitative diffusion factor; this, in consequence, therefore, lent itself to relatively well-ordered socio-economic functioning. In lay terms, the system worked because when there were only two candidates, you could tell 'em apart.

In the more complicated political exostructure of today, however, the systemic vestiges show uncommon stress symptoms as the quantitative diffusion factor rises, with consequential group regression within the classic Inchy-Pinchy-Cheeksie-Weeks modulus (first isolated and identified by the distinguished scientists for whom it is named, in their seminal 1966 study, *Certain Group Regression Phenomena Caused By a Rising Quantitative Differential That Have the Establishment Biting Their Nails,* by Inch, Pinch, Cheeks, Weeks et al., Glockenspiel Institute Press, New York, 1966). In lay terms, it is harder to keep three politicians honest than two.

In the interest of clarifying these matters for a confused public, our Study attempts (rather well, we think) to supply certain integrated identification-correlations on the basis of various sets of observed phenomena, which by a simple formula will tell the voter which candidate is which.

The Master Formula is: "If the candidate takes _____ position(s) on any given issue, he is _____."

The reader merely selects a characteristic he has observed, "plugs it in" to the Master Formula, and the "right" candidate's name appears (if you will pardon the levity) as if by magic in the relevant blank. Don't be discouraged if you don't get it right away. Snew Hums, the Riggly Chuff, and try again. Soon you'll see which candidate is which.

1) *The Quantitative Differential Corollary*
"Less than One"—NIXON
"One"—WALLACE
"Two or More"—HUMPHREY

(For Example: You see Candidate *X* take *Two or More* positions on, say, the issue of foreign aid for the Hottentots of Yugoslavia,* you can determine which candidate it is by selecting the datum from those listed in the above chart and "reading it" in the Master Formula: "If the candidate takes *Two or More* positions on any given issue, he is HUMPHREY." See how easy it is? Now go on to the next part.)

1A) *The Geographical Qualitative Differential Subcorollary*
"No position despite section of country"—NIXON
"Same position despite section of country"—WALLACE
"Different positions in different sections"—HUMPHREY
"Different positions in the same section"—HUMPHREY

2) *The Sweep of History Qualitative Corollary*
"Forward-looking by 1933 Standards"—HUMPHREY
"Backward-looking by 1968 Standards"—WALLACE
"Evasive by any Standards"—NIXON

3) *The Where Are We Going We Don't Know; When Will We Get There We Ain't Certain; All We Know Is We Are On Our Way Philosophical Corollary*
"Change-oriented"—WALLACE
"Different leadership-oriented"—NIXON
"More of the same-oriented"—HUMPHREY
"Much, much more of the same-oriented"—HUMPHREY

4) *The Political Spectrum Corollary*
"Right-wing"—WALLACE
"Middle of the road"—NIXON
"Left-wing"—HUMPHREY
"All of the foregoing"—HUMPHREY

5) *The Squanderocratic Corollary*
"More spending"—WALLACE
"More spending"—NIXON
"More spending"—HUMPHREY

5A) *The Squanderocratic Ways and Means Subcorollary*
"Less taxes"—WALLACE
"Less taxes"—NIXON
"Less taxes"—HUMPHREY

5B) *The Squanderocratic Contradiction Resolution Subcorollary (The combination of 5 and 5A will produce:)*
"Surplus"—WALLACE
"Balanced Budget"—NIXON
"Budget Deficit and Planned Inflation Necessary for Economic Growth, Prosperity and Good Living"—HUMPHREY

6) *The Vigilante Corollary*
"Dislike *them*-oriented—WALLACE
"Dislike *them* and need new leadership-oriented"—NIXON
"Dislike *them* but love everybody-oriented"—HUMPHREY

* The plight of the "Hottentots in Yugoslavia" was first brought to public attention by George Corley Wallace in remarks quoted by Douglas Kiker, *New York* Magazine, Oct. 7, 1968, p. 27. The relevant text is as follows: "The United States [in Wallace's view, Kiker writes] should be forthright and candid in expressing its own self-interest in international affairs: 'It's time *they* started worrying about what we think about them, instead of us worrying about what some Hottentot in Yugoslavia thinks about us.' "

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RUSSELL KIRK

SYSTEMATICALLY RUINING SWEDISH EDUCATION

FROM THE ACADEMY

For the past six years, Sweden has been putting into effect a series of radical alterations in its public schooling. They amount to compulsory intellectual egalitarianism.

The best succinct comment on these educationist doctrines and practices in Sweden is Mr. James Koerner's, in his book *Reform in Education: England and the United States* (Delacorte Press):

"Reading this, one is reminded of nothing so much as the airy doctrines of yesteryear's progressives and life-adjusters in the United States. One can only wish the Swedes more luck than we have had in their efforts at 'citizenship education,' 'education for democracy,' 'education for international understanding,' 'education for social competence,' education by way of pupil-centered pedagogy and the unfettered development of personality. But I confess to an unhappy feeling that they are far more likely to recapitulate the last thirty or forty years of American experience."

TOO TRUE. There has come to me a letter from a Swedish scholar whom we may call Dr. Bernadotte. Recently this gentleman read an article by Mr. Nils-Eric Brodin, "Ill Fares the Welfare State," published in last summer's *Modern Age*. To Mr. Brodin's well-informed observations, Dr. Bernadotte adds some reflections of his own, as a teacher of humane and liberal studies.

"It is peculiar that Sweden, whose educational standards have been so excellent, would adopt Deweyan methods at a time when they are being abandoned in the United States," Mr. Brodin remarked. Dr. Bernadotte comments that this is to put the matter too mildly:

"Mr. Brodin does not say we get them in a worse form, since here they are married to a complacent and intolerant official socialism. I used to congratulate myself on being a *Gymnasium* teacher in Sweden. Certainly my own work was satisfying," Dr. Bernadotte continues. "I felt I could convey to my better pupils whatever insights I had reached, and the responsiveness of young people was a deeply moving experience. My daily work was a challenge that brought forth the best in me, and my only fear was that of being inadequate to the task.

"Of course I was aware that a 'squalid oligarchy' of educational administrators was being set up, highly paid and with doubtful academic qualifications. But they did not as yet infringe on my daily work. I hoped to finish my teaching career before the deluge.

"I was mistaken. The deluge already is upon us. It isn't just that the *Gymnasium* is being swamped by youngsters who ought to attend some other institution or rather be doing some sort of practical work. They are a nice friendly sort, and if left to my own studies I could educate them up to a point. No, the trouble is the oligarchy and their compulsory reform of teaching methods. The serious study of literature has been almost abolished in favor of communications skills, and if you try to educate the youngsters on the sly you are up against bureaucratic regulations.

"Still worse is the situation in my other subject, philosophy. A new curriculum has been worked out which aims at imparting to the pupils the elements of contemporary British analytic philosophy, dominant also in the Scandinavian universities. This, of course, is apt to bore the pupils to death.

"It is official doctrine that philosophy aims at acquiring certain skills (some dexterity in manipulating the signs of symbolic logic, plus a mechanized analysis of selected topics of debate). To make quite sure that nothing else is conveyed to the pupils, yearly tests of such skills, centrally directed from Stockholm, have been proposed. (At present the oligarchy relies on inspectors to harass heterodox teachers.)

"Freedom of thought is respected, of course, and the teacher has a right to be critical of Russell, Moore, Wittgenstein, Ayer, Ryle and all that stuff. But no time is granted for him to present to the pupils an alternative point of view. If he takes time for heretical subject-matter, or non-approved lines of thought, his pupils, when tested, may suffer for it. In short, while the last vestiges of an official religion are being expunged, we are being saddled with an official philosophy instead—analytic philosophy today, possibly Marxism-Leninism tomorrow."

DR. BERNADOTTE is so disgusted by this deliberate corruption of right reason and human culture that he is tempted to leave his profession altogether. In Sweden, there is virtually no escape from the state monopoly of education at every level. Indeed, there is next to no escape from state employment or close regulation in any walk of life, in the society which Mr. Desmond Fennell has called "an unholy alliance of socialism and big business."

In these United States, we have not regained much ground in recent years, really, from the Deweyites and the educational centralizers. But at least we have become aware that something is badly wrong with public instruction in this country; we are not deliberately moving toward the schooling of mediocrity and ideological dogma, as Sweden is. The doctrinaires of the federal Office of Education will receive a humiliating rebuff from Congress in 1969, one trusts; and one ventures to hope that the executive branches of both federal and state governments may begin to move toward freedom and variety in education. □

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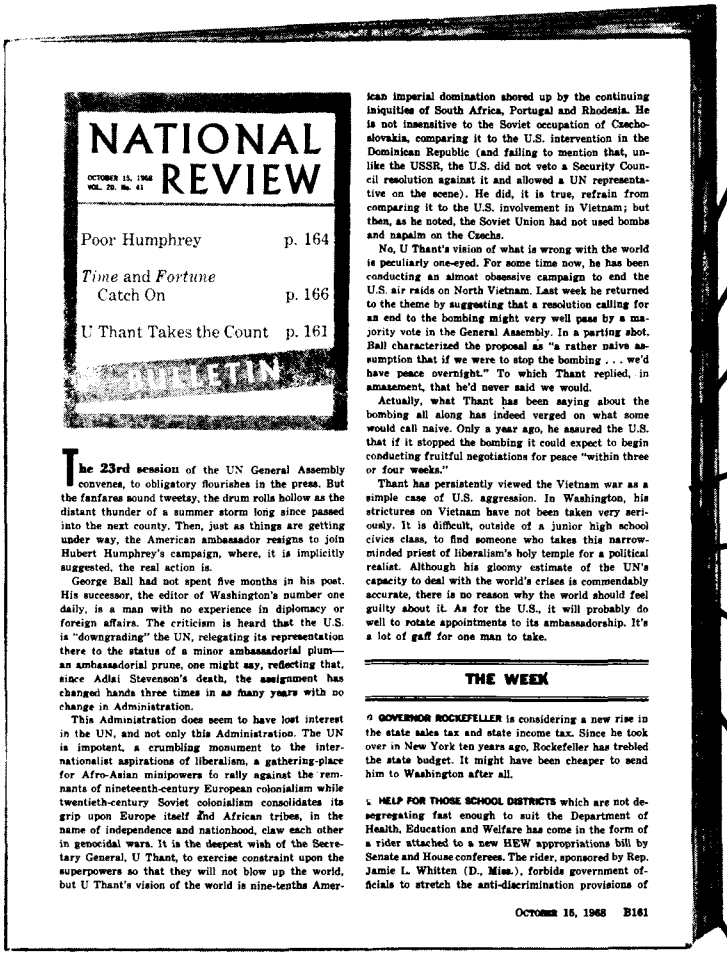

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BULLETIN

The 23rd session of the UN General Assembly convenes, to obligatory flourishes in the press. But the fanfares sound tweetsy, the drum rolls hollow as the distant thunder of a summer storm long since passed into the next county. Then, just as things are getting under way, the American ambassador resigns to join Hubert Humphrey's campaign, where, it is implicitly suggested, the real action is.

George Ball had not spent five months in his post. His successor, the editor of Washington's number one daily, is a man with no experience in diplomacy or foreign affairs. The criticism is heard that the U.S. is "downgrading" the UN, relegating its representation there to the status of a minor ambassadorial plum—an ambassadorial prune, one might say, reflecting that, since Adlai Stevenson's death, the assignment has changed hands three times in as many years with no change in Administration.

This Administration does seem to have lost interest in the UN, and not only this Administration. The UN is impotent, a crumbling monument to the internationalist aspirations of liberalism, a gathering-place for Afro-Asian minipowers to rally against the remnants of nineteenth-century European colonialism while twentieth-century Soviet colonialism consolidates its grip upon Europe itself and African tribes, in the name of independence and nationhood, claw each other in genocidal wars. It is the deepest wish of the Secretary General, U Thant, to exercise constraint upon the superpowers so that they will not blow up the world, but U Thant's vision of the world is nine-tenths American imperial domination shored up by the continuing iniquities of South Africa, Portugal and Rhodesia. He is not insensitive to the Soviet occupation of Czechoslovakia, comparing it to the U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic (and failing to mention that, unlike the USSR, the U.S. did not veto a Security Council resolution against it and allowed a UN representative on the scene). He did, it is true, refrain from comparing it to the U.S. involvement in Vietnam; but then, as he noted, the Soviet Union had not used bombs and napalm on the Czechs.

No, U Thant's vision of what is wrong with the world is peculiarly one-eyed. For some time now, he has been conducting an almost obsessive campaign to end the U.S. air raids on North Vietnam. Last week he returned to the theme by suggesting that a resolution calling for an end to the bombing might very well pass by a majority vote in the General Assembly. In a parting shot, Ball characterized the proposal as "a rather naive assumption that if we were to stop the bombing . . . we'd have peace overnight." To which Thant replied, in amazement, that he'd never said we would.

Actually, what Thant has been saying about the bombing all along has indeed verged on what some would call naive. Only a year ago, he assured the U.S. that if it stopped the bombing it could expect to begin conducting fruitful negotiations for peace "within three or four weeks."

Thant has persistently viewed the Vietnam war as a simple case of U.S. aggression. In Washington, his strictures on Vietnam have not been taken very seriously. It is difficult, outside of a junior high school civics class, to find someone who takes this narrow-minded priest of liberalism's holy temple for a political realist. Although his gloomy estimate of the UN's capacity to deal with the world's crises is commendably accurate, there is no reason why the world should feel guilty about it. As for the U.S., it will probably do well to rotate appointments to its ambassadorship. It's a lot of gaff for one man to take.

THE WEEK

○ **GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER** is considering a new rise in the state sales tax and state income tax. Since he took over in New York ten years ago, Rockefeller has trebled the state budget. It might have been cheaper to send him to Washington after all.

○ **HELP FOR THOSE SCHOOL DISTRICTS** which are not desegregating fast enough to suit the Department of Health, Education and Welfare has come in the form of a rider attached to a new HEW appropriations bill by Senate and House conferees. The rider, sponsored by Rep. Jamie L. Whitten (D., Miss.), forbids government officials to stretch the anti-discrimination provisions of

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A new feature that tells you what to look for in—and behind—current trends;

5. PEOPLE:
The column many BULLETIN readers turn to first. It's not afraid to name names or focus on famous people, often reports items that you won't find in the press or newsmagazines;

6. AT HOME:
A regular column by M. Stanton Evans, brilliant editor of the Indianapolis *News*. Mr. Evans has established himself as one of the nation's keenest political analysts and is particularly noted for his in-depth reporting of the most controversial issues that plague us today;

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No Place to Go but Out?

Democracy and the Student Left
By George F. Kennan
Atlantic-Little, Brown, $5.75

VINCENT MILLER

Mr. Kennan's book reprints the address "Rebels Without a Program" which he delivered at Swarthmore late in 1967; adds to it a sampling of the two hundred or so letters he and the editor of the *New York Times* Magazine received when the speech appeared there some time later; and concludes with what the book jacket calls "Mr. Kennan's carefully reasoned Reply." As the letters indicate, students from Barnard to Yale obviously appreciated a chance to swap clichés with Mr. Kennan. And he, in his turn, was as obviously glad to accede to their wish that *he* retire to think things over. He finds some hope in the fact of the exchange. So do I. But not much.

Mr. Kennan and the students who wrote him agree that the rebellion we witness is symptomatic of a crisis within our system. In Mr. Kennan's words, the student leftist "reflects faithfully, but in expanded, oversized dimensions, like shadows on the wall, the bewilderments and weakness of parents, teachers, employers, molders of opinion, leaders of government." This is no doubt as true as any other cliché, and of as limited specific value. It of course leaves Mr. Kennan faced with the stock response of the Misses Bernstein and Brown of Barnard: "Mr. Kennan . . . makes us pity him as he says he pities us. He has confronted the same horrifying lack of sense in our social structure and twisted maze of politics as we have, but he is afraid to act against it and frightened when others do. . . . What really horrifies him is a lack, an impotence in himself."

The criticism is probably just enough, but Mr. Kennan was, of course, in no need of hearing it. As the first volume of his autobiography indicated, he has for some time now been playing Professor Taranne, stripping himself in public, his back to any audience that demands either a hero or hair. He is willing to admit his failures: the passage I quoted comes down heavily enough on the weaknesses and bewilderments of his own generation.

But, quite like bewildered mummies and daddies all over America (and often enough in the quaintly stiff and embarrassingly sentimental, hurt but hopeful tone taken in those "talks" parents sometimes try to force on their polite but callous offspring), he wishes to point out to the young some facts about "real action" in "the real world." He has noticed that student leftists shift from cause to cause with the greatest rapidity, and this has forced him to suspect the genuineness of their desire for effective action. He has observed that it is only as power structures grow confused and ineffectual that their "tyrannies" become "intolerable," and this has led him to wonder whether it is residual tyranny or onrushing responsibility the young revolt so violently against. And he has noted what seems to him the salient characteristic of students on the left, that they not only have no program but that—as the Marxists have discovered—it's the devil's own job trying to interest them in one: the typical student leftist seems totally uninterested in restructuring *or* replacing the American system which his acts tend to destroy.

ALL THESE OBSERVATIONS lead Mr. Kennan to suspect what thousands of daddies have been suspecting for some time: that what we are witnessing in America is not at all a good, old-fashioned father-slaying—after which, of course, one must replace father—but a father-torture for which Daddy's continued life—whatever anathemas one hurls his way during the abuses worked out for his delectation—continues to be essential:

> One is left with a strong impression that these agencies of bureaucracy and imperialism are to remain in existence and to continue to bear the heavy responsibility of government, but that they are merely to be provided, henceforth, with a new and much more painful thorn in their side, in the form of a powerful New Left. . . . Under the pressure of this minority faction, the President and his advisers are to be pushed, reluctantly and gnashing their teeth, one must assume, from one constructive action to another, each contrary to their own wishes and contrary to, or at least not included in, their electoral mandate.

This is well put. So is the ritual retraction. Whatever is going on, we are, Mr. Kennan thinks, merely reaping the results of forcing agonizingly adult decisions upon adolescents. We give them, he says, too little parental guidance from the start, turning them over as soon as possible to "the squawking tyranny of the TV box." We thrust them as quickly as we can into the school system with "its Pollyannaish patter about 'good citizenship,' its attempt to persuade the little child that he should organize and vote and decide like an adult."

We seem set upon pressing upon our children all the adult problems we ourselves want to ignore: i.e., "the sickly secularism of this society," and "the appalling shallowness of the religious, philosophic and political concepts that pervade it." We can hardly complain, he thinks, when young men and women of college age, "lacking in historical depth, lacking in understanding for what the human predicament really is,

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lacking in appreciation for the element of tragedy in human affairs, lacking in feeling for the importance of such things as continuity, custom and familiarity as components in any process of mass adjustment to new conditions," rebel at the world they have been propelled into. Mr. Kennan would like The Young to spend their college years acquiring those perspectives they lack, rather than in "the breathless and backgroundless preoccupation with, and action upon, the passing scene." Their reply is that it is precisely such perspectives which they have *not* found in their colleges, a fact Mr. Kennan has already deduced.

All of which leaves us, of course, exactly where we were—with a pocketful of truisms and no place to go but out. The students wish no program in Mr. Kennan's sense, probably for the reason he thinks. But the program he finally offers suggests that we try, as nearly as we can, to get back to the shores of Lake Michigan as they existed in his youth. He would like, in this order: to restore man to simple nature; to remove from the scene the insistent hammering of radio, television, and magazine advertising; to phase the automobile as nearly out of existence as possible; to do something about the Negro—preferably by setting up black communities here and there where they can live without bothering the whites. He would like to counter the centralization of things in Washington, and to restructure our nominating and our congressional committee systems. How's that for getting to the root of the matter?

If, as Eliot once claimed, each moment is a new and shocking valuation of all we have been, Mr. Kennan might at least have worked for a greater awareness of what we have been. Valuing and revaluing the nineteenth- and early twentieth-century liberal drift only leads one to an overwhelming desire to opt out, as—on balance—this book and much of what is happening on the student Left demonstrates. □

FICTION

Everything to Live For
By Paul Horgan
Farrar, $4.95

The Anarchy of Love
By Colin Spencer
Weybright & Talley, $5.75

The Tyranny of Love
By Colin Spencer
Weybright & Talley, $6.75

The Beautyful Ones Are Not Yet Born
By Ayi Kwei Armah
Houghton, $4.95

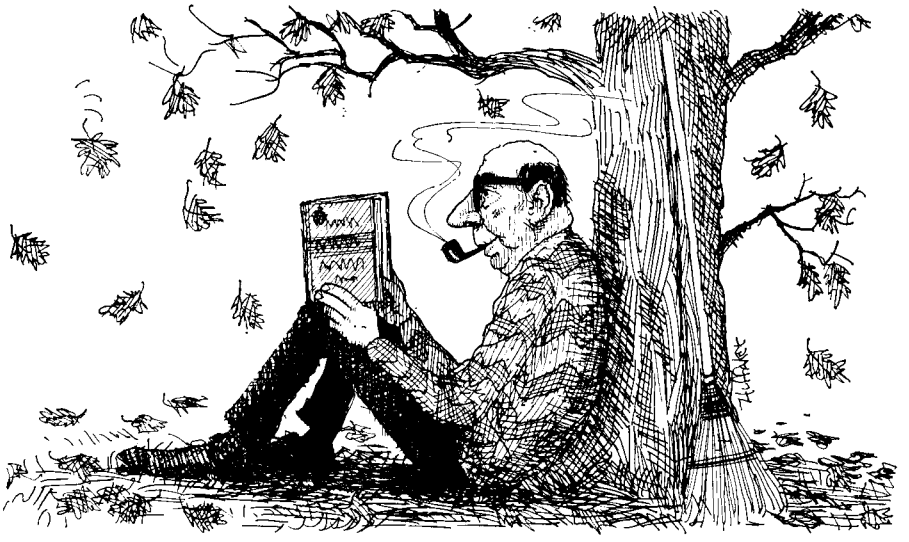
OLD TUNES AND A BIG NEW BEAT

GUY DAVENPORT

Mr. Paul Horgan has by this time mastered the art of turning out a smooth, neatly paced tale. This is his eleventh novel and his thirtieth book of one sort or another. His virtues are small but sure-footed, his imagination cultivated, and decidedly decorous. With perfect economy of detail and action Mr. Horgan unfolds his tale of Byronic *Weltschmerz*. The time is the Twenties, the place is an estate just beyond the remoter stations of the Paoli Local, and the characters are very rich, very beautiful, very gracious. Papa has the largest collection of Byroniana in the world. Mama keeps an exotic hothouse and makes a to-do about the blossoming of her night-blooming Cereus *(Cereus grandiflora)*. The son, a kind of Rudolph Valentino who has been to Harvard, suffers from melancholia induced by the reading of Byron and nocturnal brooding on the meaning of life. His hobby is chasing locomotives to a crossing and zipping across the tracks just in time.

Well, one day his dog is run over by the librarian and he is therefore more than unusually sad and beautiful. His timing is off on his nightly game with the locomotive. *Crunch*. His ashes are scattered by the well-bred English chauffeur into our hero's favorite swimming hole and brooding place under the silent and pensive moon. This is a perfectly plausible story; the rich of Philadelphia have been known to do such things. I take it, however, that fiction of this order is written to serve the more sluggish of imaginations while satisfying various curiosities about the rich. The story is the Muzak by which we watch the automobiles, the library with its priceless manuscripts, the gracious life in general. This is a perfectly legitimate use of fiction; the movies have thrived on providing such vicarious fare for fifty years.

Mr. Horgan has something for everybody; myself, I liked the night-blooming Cereus and regret that he left out a paragraph explaining its natural habitat and the gorgeous Amazonian moths whose business it is to pollenate this gaudiest of God's flowers. The head gardener (I liked him, too) could have made a little speech about this. I recommend the night-blooming Cereus to other society novelists; it is a lovely prop and serves as a reward for reviewers who are not interested in stables, sports cars, Byroniana, or beautiful suicides.



In Mr. Colin Spencer, D. H. Lawrence rides again. And at length. Here are two volumes of a sausage-and-mashed epic of bottom-drawer England vividly drawn, wonderfully heard, and quite powerfully written. Lawrence's pale ghost is everywhere, but it doesn't always have its way. For one thing, sex for Mr. Spencer is simply sex and not

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Random Notes

■ Good Guys: *The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell* (forecast here months ago) is just out. Harcourt had divided the material, almost none of it previously available in book form, into four volumes: *An Age Like This, 1920-1940* ($8.95); *My Country Right or Left, 1940-1943* ($8.95); *As I Please 1943-1945* ($7.95) and *In Front of Your Nose, 1945-1950* ($8.95). Coming: A new book on Orwell, Ruth Ann Lief's *Homage to Oceania: The Prophetic Visions of George Orwell* (Ohio State, December, $6). . . . Latest additions to Macmillan's uniform "Danube Edition" of the works of Arthur Koestler are *Scum of the Earth* ($7.95) and *The Sleepwalkers* ($8.95, both November).

A timely resurrection: Bruce Keliner's *Carl Van Vechten and the Irreverent Decades* (Oklahoma, $7.95). . . . Beaton has selected, and Truman Capote written an introduction to, *The Best of Cecil Beaton* (Macmillan, $17.95, which is a lot of best). . . . Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Woody Allen, Phyllis Diller and twelve more discuss the craft in *The Great Comedians Talk About Comedy,* edited by Larry Wilde (Citadel, $6.95). . . . Back in print: Cyril Connolly's novel *The Rock Pool* (Atheneum, $3.95) and Ortega y Gasset's *The Dehumanization of Art* (Princeton, $5).

■ Bad Guys: Knopf will unleash, come spring, Jessica Mitford's account of *The Trial of Dr. Spock.* . . . Herbert Matthews' *Castro* is due in March (Simon & Schuster). . . . Jack Newfield has almost finished his RFK biography for Random House. . . . Too little, too late: *The Politics of Ecstasy,* Timothy Leary's hymn to LSD, is just out and headed straight for the remainder tables (Putnam, $5.95 if you can't wait). . . . For reasons known only to themselves, Penguin Books are publishing an all-new edition of Alistair Cooke's *A Generation on Trial,* which is all about what we did to poor Alger Hiss way back when ($1.95).

Big Bertha Manchester's *The Arms of Krupp* is coming in November, watch out. Seems the only good German is a potato-farming German (Little, $12.50). . . . The *New York Times'* Neal Sheehan has written *The Arnheiter Affair,* which is—natch—anti-Arnheiter (Norton, February). . . . Public Revenge: Pamela Mason, once married to James, has had ghosted for her *Marriage is the First Step Toward Divorce,* a paranoid attack on men and matrimony (Eriksson). . . . And here's *Night Flight from Hanoi,* Padre Dan Berrigan's diary and poems from his unauthorized trip (Macmillan, $4.95).

the dark music of the earth. And when Mr. Spencer is not treating the procreative urge as if it were acne or bad drains, he thinks it is wonderfully funny. The second volume contains what must be the most hilarious erotic scene since Fielding laid down his quill. By the time the tender proceedings are interrupted by an irate old lady, two goons in her pay, and a constable (who enters through a smashed door on quite other business) the seduced has her hair caught in a gas ring and the seducer has fallen off four stacked volumes of the Encyclopedia Britannica. The English have ever been awkward in *amour.*

For the most, though, Mr. Spencer re-explores the Laurentian triangles of Father (a cad), Mum (a dear), and Sensitive Son; of Sis, Brother, and Sis' hubby; and of the favorite neurotic English triangle of all, two ambiguous men and one thoroughly confused woman. Lawrence made a kind of askew Methodist sermon of all this; Mr. Spencer accepts it as the way things tend to get balled up, and records it skilfully, unvarnished and unsermoned. His scenes sometimes lack clarity, until we can recall who a character is who's been offstage for many a page; and his episodes tend to be sprawling and exhaustive rather than spruce and dramatic. His pace dawdles but is steady; confidence grows in this hardy young novelist as we read, though we pray for succinctness in the volumes yet to come.

The plot follows several families, their despair and rare happinesses, from before the Second World War to the present. Their complex troubles find in Mr. Spencer a sensitive interpreter who builds up each character painstakingly with an atomic rain of particular details. But he does not thereby lock the character in a pattern, so that everyone in these books is capable of giving us the most jolting surprises. England has many writers more polished than Mr. Spencer, but none quite so wildly energetic in his passion for reality.

Mr. Ayi Kwei Armah, a native of Ghana, has a degree in sociology from Harvard, a fact one would happily not guess from reading his first novel. Not since Joyce Cary's *Mister Johnson* has a novelist got onto paper quite so much of the taste and smell and moral weather of West Africa. With saprophiliac glee Mr. Armah creates a veritable hail of all possible mucoid effluences, of all African stinks and exhalations in which he moves his torpid, steaming characters. The story is simple: an account of a poor worker in Nkrumah's socialist model state, contrasted with a party official. The one has little but a popping, bone-dislocating bus painted with slogans (the title is one of these) to distinguish his existence from that of primitive bush life. The other slides in vulgar elegance upon political corruption, until the coup unseats him.

Behind the plot is the humble fable of city mouse and country mouse, with a hint of the tortoise and the hare. Mr. Armah has no grindstone and no ax; his people are simply people, and the Redeemer's model state was a cruel fraud. The wonder of this colorful novel is in the hard-edged caricatures of officials, bribers, pretenders to Western luxury, socialist statesmen bediamonded and in Cadillacs. Mr. Armah is amused, but as only a bitter satirist is amused; he writes with compassion for the defrauded and with acid contempt for the defrauders. He achieves absolutes of the ridiculous: African petty officials with heavy British accents playing golf on links carved out of the edge of the jungle; a *nouveau riche* lady disdaining beer now that her palate has discovered Scotch; a German short-wave radio played at top volume in the conviction that a softer tone would be under-using a noble machine and would, besides, be hiding a light under a bushel.

This is a brash and powerfully colorful novel, and if it amounts to doing the laundry in public, we can only say *What a laundry!* and *What an heroic job at the scrub board!* □

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Hubert
By Allan H. Ryskind
Arlington House, $5.95

HOW SOFT IS HUMPHREY?

M. STANTON EVANS

Republican Vice Presidential candidate Spiro Agnew stirred up the political animals when he charged that Hubert Humphrey was "soft on Communism." That assertion caused so much uproar among Republicans and Democrats alike that Agnew backed off from it and said he would never ever make such a statement again. He obviously learned that you do not call Hubert Humphrey, or anyone else, "soft on Communism" and survive to tell the tale.

Despite bipartisan willingness to sweep it under the rug, however, the issue remains. In a world beset by Communist aggression, the question of whether or not one is "soft" with respect to that aggression should at a minimum be discussable. And when that someone is a major-party nominee for President who might well some day take charge of American foreign policy, discussion seems not only permissible but mandatory.

Is Hubert Humphrey "soft on Communism"? The answer depends, quite clearly, on what one means by the phrase. In his well-documented biography of the Democratic nominee, Allan Ryskind explores the matter at enlightening length. He examines Humphrey's record on the Communist issue, domestic and foreign, over a span of three decades. Making the necessary distinctions between subjective sympathy and objective consequence, he concludes that, in the sense which matters most, Humphrey is very "soft" on Communism indeed.

Ryskind does not contend that Humphrey is a Communist sympathizer, and such a charge would not be supportable on the evidence. The author rehearses several episodes in which Humphrey has tangled with Communists and fellow travelers. At one stage of his career Humphrey battled Communist and pro-Communist elements in Minnesota's Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party. At another, he sponsored anti-Bolshevik legislation in Congress; more recently still, he has taken the stance of a "hard-liner" on the war in Vietnam—although this line has melted perceptibly as the election season has progressed. So, if "softness" is taken to mean affection for Communists Humphrey stands exonerated.

SUBJECTIVE MOTIVATION, however, is not really the issue. If a high-ranking government official has marked out a long record of failure in a particular policy area, the intricacies of motivation may concern psychologists, but are matters of indifference to the electorate. Disastrous error is disastrous error, whatever the reasons for it. And those who have a continuing history of such error should not be entrusted with control of the government. As Ryskind demonstrates, this is precisely the case with Humphrey. If "softness" toward Communism means inability to understand the essential nature of the enemy and a belief that one can propitiate Moscow with yielding words and ignoble gestures, then Humphrey is guilty as charged.

The most striking illustration of Humphrey's contradictory stance on domestic subversion was his performance on the Internal Security Act of 1950. The same man who sponsored the 1954 Communist Control Act had fought the 1950 bill on the Senate floor, denouncing it as a "hoax" and conjuring up the specter of "would-be Hitlers in America." Yet on the original roll call, Humphrey actually voted *for* this bill; he then turned around and voted against it by supporting President Truman's veto. In subsequent years, he cited both of these votes, depending on which seemed more useful, as evidence of his political sanctity. In one statement he said he wanted to "point out to the little Humphreys that their daddy voted to sustain the President's veto." In another he blandly observed to a constituent: "As you are probably aware, I voted for the Internal Security Act. . . ."

HUMPHREY'S PERFORMANCE in the foreign policy field is, if anything, even worse. On Ryskind's showing, there are few men in public office who have more systematically missed the point about Communist objectives in the cold war. In the mid-Forties, for example, Humphrey was strenuously urging Americans to "keep in mind what Russia wants and needs," including an East European power grab which, he thought, fit "very nicely into a more secure and stable Russia"; he has promoted the gossamer dream of uninspected "disarmament" in a world threatened by Communist imperialism; he has turned a blind eye to the pro-Communist machinations behind such people as Juan Bosch in Latin America; he has taken a complaisant view of Communist China; and he has plumped repeatedly for extensive trade with the Red bloc in Europe on the theory that the Bolsheviks are "mellowing."

Hubert contains a good deal of information about Humphrey's career in other respects, as well—including his service with Americans for Democratic Action, the mutual sympathy that subsists between himself and the socialists of Europe and the United States, his unremitting effort to foment collectivist government in America. The importance of the foreign policy question gives particular point to the "soft on Communism" business, however, and on this score the Ryskind argument is conclusive. Humphrey has bought the whole bundle of errors about Communism that have constituted liberal foreign policy for the past twenty years —errors which have defaulted half the world to Bolshevism and threaten to default the rest of it now. If one cannot properly describe that performance as "soft," then American political discourse has become even more nonsensical and impoverished than has hitherto been the case.

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Ryskind shows that Humphrey's tough-line positions on a few selected issues have in fact been departures from the Humphrey norm—contradicted, in each case, by countervailing attitudes and actions on the very matters under discussion. Thus we are informed that Humphrey battled to get Communist and pro-Communist elements out of the Democratic apparatus in Minnesota, but are not informed that those elements got there in the first place in large part because of Humphrey's own exertions. Ryskind notes that Humphrey labored long and hard to effect a merger of the Communist-influenced Farmer-Labor Party with the Democrats, fully aware that the result would be infiltrated with subversive elements. The author concludes that while Humphrey is "given great credit for having booted the Communists out of the Democratic Party in Minnesota in 1948," he appeared "more than willing to let the Communists in via the merger route in 1944." □

Historical Consciousness
By John Lukacs
Harper, $7.95

HISTORY IN THE POST-MODERN AGE

JOHN P. McCARTHY

In a thoughtful and independent-minded book John Lukacs openly acknowledges that his historical philosophy is "reactionary" in the sense that it "reacts against the misconceptions, shibboleths, evil theories and primitive nonsense about human nature" that make up the intellectual categories of the modern age. These are, especially, the Newtonian and Cartesian illusions of scientific certitude and objectivity, out of which have come the determinist myths of Scientism and Progress. Furthermore, he is convinced that the same modern age has entered a period of interregnum, or the beginning of the post-modern world, comparable to the condition of medieval culture of the fifteenth century, as "scientism is sliding into dogmatism" and becoming the "kind of Sacred Cow" that the degenerated theology of five centuries ago had become.

He detects indications of this interregnum and of a loss of faith in progressivist optimism in our very language, as the adjective "modern" is losing much of its fresh intimation, while the word "old-fashioned" has begun to have a more agreeable connotation. Increasing doubts have appeared about "progress" in large part because "progress" hasn't taken place. Lukacs discerningly observes that what has happened in the past half century in the Western world has chiefly been improvement on, and the widespread application of, the technical, educational and scientific breakthroughs of the previous fifty years. Many areas have, in fact, witnessed a decline in material standards, especially in the matter of the quality and durability of goods, and more importantly in a "declining sense of the permanence of personal possessions."

Lukacs interprets the developing popular interest in history as another indication of increasing disillusionment with futurist dreams and a nostalgia for the reality of the past. This peculiarly Western trait, historical consciousness, is the very thing which can rescue our civilization from its cultural decay and anarchy. Unlike the scientific mind, with its essentially unreal quest for the separation of subject and object in any enquiry, historical thinking involves the participation of the subject, and is nothing less than

> a new, chastened, and deepening version of the ancient *know thyself* through the recognition that *know thyself* must also mean *know thy history*.

Lukacs foresees historical thought as the new humanism of the post-scientific era, which will restore man to the center of the universe in contrast to the scientific tendency to reduce man to a point of indistinguishability, except in degree, from the rest of living matter.

SIGNIFICANTLY, historical consciousness developed in the West at about the same time as the prevailing intellectual categories of scientism—three centuries ago. Also, the historical form of thought itself became victim of some of the preconceptions of the scientific age. Especially it fell victim to attempts to create systems of human history determined by scientific laws of inevitable progress to "the heavenly city" of the *philosophes,* if not to the classless society. In our day, although historical systems have fallen into disrepute, professional historians still tend to use a scientific vocabulary with all the implications of determinism.

A more recent corruption by which, Lukacs fears, historical thought is endangered is a shallow universalism that reflects not so much a broadening of historical perspective or interest in the Orient as a decline in that conviction shared by our greatest historians, like Burckhardt and Tocqueville, of the "uniqueness of the Western heritage." Lukacs also differs with the fashionable professional opinion of "famed economists and public statesmen such as Professor Rostow," who "dazzle the mind by devising historical periods such as the Economic Take-Off." He is skeptical about the decisiveness of economic factors in modern history, partly because of the difficulty of isolating economic motives in human action as well as because of the increasing abstractness and unreality of economic data.

To him a factor in modern Western history that is more potent than economic development, social change and political evolution, is the relation between nations. For nations, while not persons nor possessed of life of their own, do manifest personal traits, evident in their politics, art, and especially in their languages, that are not manifest in abstract administrative units like states or economic structures. The central actors in history—men—reflect national inclinations and characteristics which are of cultural, historical and religious origin, which are "ultimately involved with certain cultural and spiritual concepts of more universal portents."

LUKACS ASTUTELY considers the special difficulties awaiting the historians of the democratic age such as the multiplicity of written materials, the mutation of such materials because of impersonal and collective action of bureaucratic government, and the mutation of history itself by fabricated publicity build-ups for causes or persons. He also detects certain alarming symptoms for the future of democracy, such as the declining importance of local politics, the existence of a nuclear capacity to destroy entire nations, the increasing influence of administration rather than legislation upon domestic life, and the curtailment of personal liberties by these agencies through increasingly so-

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phisticated electronic devices. The great danger to the West is "totalitarian democracy" where elections and party choice might remain but where the individual's

> life and ideas . . . rights to privacy, to family autonomy, and to durable possessions are regimented by government and rigidly limited by technology and by mass communications.

Yet the tone of the book is not entirely pessimistic, as the author points to a post-modern intellectual reaction against the scientific categories that began before the end of the last century among various writers from Unamuno through Peguy. However, the "leftist" nineteenth-century intellectual categories were revitalized when the ascendancy in the crusade against Nazism, an "ultimately destructive . . . hurricane of an anti-bourgeois and anti-rationalist reaction," was gained not by continental conservative anti-Nazis, but by the "neo-positivist" Anglo-Saxons and the "materialist" Russians.

But Lukacs is optimistic, perhaps prematurely, that a revived Europe will provide the cultural leadership in the resolution of the fatal divergence between historical thinking and the scientific method that has plagued and characterized the modern age, and provide from historical consciousness a new child of the ancient marriage of realism and idealism, that "may yet become Europe's greatest gift to mankind." □

REPORT ON THE QUARTERLIES

PETER P. WITONSKI

"The Will to Grandeur: de Gaulle as Political Artist," by Stanley and Inge Hoffmann (*Daedalus*, Vol. XCVII, No. 3, Summer 1968).

Ever since the neo-Freudian Erik Erikson published his *Young Man Luther* (1958), in which he attributed the Protestant Reformation to Luther's habitual constipation (people with tight sphincter-control, we learned, are prone toward totalitarianism, hence The Sphincter-Control Theory of History), there has been a whole spate of books and essays attempting to psychoanalyze great men of the past and present. The Summer issue of *Daedalus* consists of a number of such essays. Not all the essays are strictly psychoanalytical, and these tend to be the most interesting and valuable. Erik Erikson himself writes a "psycho-Historical" (!) study of Gandhi, Henry Kissinger writes on Bismarck, and Frank Manuel has some interesting things to say about Newton. As a historian I must confess to being highly suspicious of some of these studies, especially insofar as they use psychoanalysis as a substitute for certain hard facts of history. Nevertheless one cannot help but be intrigued by them. Professor and Mrs. Hoffmann have penned an unusual and very convincing study of Charles de Gaulle, placing particular emphasis on the conservative aspects of his thought. There is a great deal of very interesting material on de Gaulle's childhood and family background which should interest most readers.

"Plato as the Philosopher of the Artistic Experience," by John Herman Randall Jr. (*The American Scholar*, Vol. XXXVII, No. 3, Summer 1968).

John Herman Randall is unquestionably America's premier historian of philosophy. His *Career in Philosophy* has approached the history of philosophy in an original and informative manner. Now we have his reappraisal of Plato, "the artist philosopher." "The [Platonic] dialogues . . . present to us," he argues, "the very 'Idea' of Truth; they go on and on, they are ever creative." At times Randall overstates his thesis (the *Republic*, for example, is for Randall not so much a work of philosophy as it is a kind of philosophical novel—like *The Magic Mountain*), but for the most part the essay is very interesting and intelligent.

"Notes on the Poetry of John Crowe Ransom at his Eightieth Birthday," by Robert Penn Warren (*The Kenyon Review*, Vol. XXX, No. 3, Summer 1968).

A touching personal tribute from one old Fugitive to another. Warren first muses upon a study of Ransom's poetry which he wrote 35 years ago, and which he now finds inadequate. He then proceeds to discuss Ransom in the perspective of modern poetry, while also emphasizing Ransom's very conservative views of modernity. Those interested in the literature of the American South will greatly enjoy this appreciation.

"The Order of Consciousness," by Gerhart Niemeyer (*Review of Politics*, Vol. XXX, No. 2, April 1968).

This is a review of Eric Voegelin's brilliant new book, *Anamnesis: Zur Theorie des Geschichte und Politik* (Munich, R. Piper Verlag, 1966). As one of Voegelin's leading interpreters, Professor Niemeyer's analysis is of especial importance. Since Voegelin's work—particularly his *New Science of Politics*—has had a profound influence on the development of contemporary American conservative thought, and since the present volume is a major effort on Voegelin's part to state his philosophy of politics and history, it seems imperative that it be translated into English for the benefit of the non-German-reading public. The work contains a kind of autobiography of ideas, which tells us much about both Voegelin and the history of ideas in the twentieth century. Until an English translation appears, Professor Niemeyer's excellent summary will have to suffice for many readers.

"Our People in the U.S.A.," by A. Lerumo (*The African Communist*, No. 33, Spring 1968).

The African Communist is published quarterly "in the interest of African solidarity" by the South African Communist Party in exile. The current issue has W. E. B. DuBois, Martin Luther King, and Paul Robeson on the cover, which proudly proclaims, "Our People in the U.S.A." The veracity of this boast seems less important than the boast itself. This is the kind of stuff the Black Power fanatics are reading these days, and as such it may be useful to those interested in fathoming the ideological underpinnings of that movement. The article also provides an interesting series of insights into the deranged world of Communist journalism. My favorite example: "The white, imperialist establishment of the U.S.A. killed the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King. . . . Isn't it true that the police . . . in the States are . . . riddled with Birchites . . . and other fascist scum? . . ." A great Black Revolution is promised.

"Squaring the Error," by Sir Robert Thompson (*Foreign Affairs*, Vol. XLVI, No. 3, Spring 1968).

Sir Robert Thompson, who conducted a successful campaign against guerrillas in Malaya, gives some sound advice on the war in Vietnam which,

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he suggests, we have failed properly to understand because of the ignorance both of our liberal and military establishments. He argues that the outcome of the Vietnam war will not only have vital consequences for the rest of the world, but that it may be one of the most decisive conflicts of our century. Both our liberal and military establishments have failed to understand that People's Revolutionary Wars are very different from traditional warfare in that they are invariably "long, arduous, and protracted struggles." Sir Robert believes that if we have the staying power, *and* if we can win the ideological war presently taking place within our own country, we will be able to do in Vietnam what he did in Malaya: win! "If we plan for a long haul, we may get quick results. But if we go for quick results, we may get a long haul."

"The Year 2000 and All That," by Robert A. Nisbet (*Commentary*, Vol. XLV, No. 6, June 1968).

For some time now a group of prestigious scholars in Europe and America has been laboring to predict just what the world will be like in the year 2000. This vaguely chiliastic enterprise has attracted a number of notable seers, including Bertrand de Jouvenal (who directs the *Futuribles* project in France), Daniel Bell, and Herman Kahn. Robert Nisbet surveys the ever-growing literature devoted to forecasting the future, placing particular stress on the literature devoted to the future of technology. He examines the usefulness of this enterprise, and concludes by noting that "what the future predicters, the change-analysts, and the trend-testers say in effect is that with the aid of institute resources, computers, linear programming, etc. they will deal with the kinds of change that are not the consequence of the Random Event, the Genius, the Maniac, and the Prophet." Of course, as Nisbet adds, there aren't any.

"If Negotiations Fail," by Herman Kahn (*Foreign Affairs*, Vol. XLVI, No. 4, Summer 1968).

Dr. Kahn supplies some metaphors and scenarios for Vietnam, which are must reading. He examines our moral and political commitments to the country; the pre-Tet and post-Tet situations; the North Vietnamese strengths and weaknesses; and the possibilities for victory. He concludes by listing nine exceedingly important points, which Mr. Harriman would do well to have before him during his negotiations with the North Vietnamese.

"De Gaulle and Vietnam: A Conception of Political Pathology," by Michael Leifer (*International Journal*, Vol. XXIII, No. 2, Spring 1968).

The *International Journal*, published by the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, offers a major analysis of Gaullism in this issue. Of particular interest are John Cairnes' "De Gaulle Confronts the British"; David Thompson's "President de Gaulle and *Mésentente cordiale*"; R. J. Hill's "'French Strategy after de Gaulle"; and Louis Sabourin's *"De Gaulle, le Québec et le Monde."* *NR* readers will find Mr. Leifer's study of great interest in that it analyzes the relationship between de Gaulle's pathological anti-Americanism and his Vietnam policy. For de Gaulle all the world's political ills are derived from American intervention in Vietnam. While Mr. Leifer is not unsympathetic to de Gaulle's views in this area, he manages to keep his historical perspective long enough to provide some interesting clues to the current anti-American policies of France.

"What is Structuralism?" by Peter Caws (*Partisan Review*, Vol. XXXV, No. 1, Winter 1968).

Since World War II the French intelligentsia has presented the world with two major intellectual fashions: existentialism and (most recently) structuralism. Just as Sartre dominated the existentialist movement, the social anthropologist Claude Lévi-Strauss is the prime-mover behind structuralism. Like existentialism, structuralism has transcended its original purpose and has become a system applicable to areas outside its origin in social anthropology. In America its influence has been observed in the pages of the *Partisan Review* and the *New York Review of Books*; in France it has become impossible to have a serious academic discussion without falling into its pervasive jargon. Aside from Lévi-Strauss, the movement's principal architects include Jacques Lacan, Louis Althusser, Roland Barthes (whose *Système de la mode* now ranks with Lévi-Strauss' *Structural Anthropology* as one of the most important structuralist sources), and Michel Foucault. Mr. Caws' article provides an excellent summary of structuralist literature, and is particularly good on Lévi-Strauss. Structuralism threatens to be around for a good many years and, as intellectual fads go, its influence is already powerful.

"Medieval Apocalypses as Historical Sources," by Paul J. Alexander (*The American Historical Review*, Vol. LXXIII, No. 4, April 1968). →

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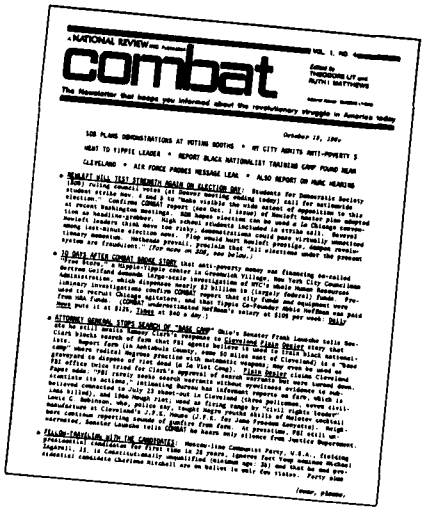
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A fascinating account of the value of medieval apocalypses as historical sources, placing particular emphasis on Byzantine and Old Slavonic documents. Dr. Alexander views these apocalypses as invaluable sources of information, especially in the areas of political, economic, and church history. Some apocalypses such as the Old Slavonic Vision of Daniel "permit new inferences as to the causes and chronology of important developments in world history, in this case on the Muslim invasion of Sicily in the first half of the ninth century." Also of interest in this number of the *AHR* is Andreas Darpalen's "The Unification of Germany in East German Perspective." This essay offers an excellent account of East German historiography.

"Soviet Writers on Trial: Documents" (*Survey: A Journal of Soviet and East European Studies*, Vol. VII, No. 67, Spring 1968).

A fascinating collection of nine documents giving a vivid picture of the lack of artistic freedom in Russia today. Zamyatin's famous phrase that "the only future for Russian literature is now its past," is once again proved correct. A painful letter written on May 28, 1930 by Mikhail Bulgakov, begging for permission to leave Russia; a letter from Pavel Antokolsky to the Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, describing his sympathy for Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn; letters to and from Solzhenitsyn; and appeals from Pavel Litvinov for literary and cultural freedom are among the most interesting documents. This collection serves to bring home the sad plight of literature in the Soviet Union today.

"The General and the Jews: A New Time of Suspicion?" by Raymond Aron (*Encounter*, Vol. XXX, No. 6, June 1968).

This translation from Professor Aron's latest book, *Israël et les Juifs* (Plon, Paris, 1968), is a valuable contribution to our understanding of contemporary France. General de Gaulle's description of the Jews as *"un peuple d'élite sûr de lui-même et dominateur"* is seen both as a reflection of the disease that is antisemitism and the breakdown of French society in the last stage of the Gaullist era. "Every Frenchman," Aron caustically declares, "Gaullist or not, Jew or non-Jew, hopes passionately that for the old man of the *Dix-huit Juin* old age will not turn into a shipwreck." ☐

PROTESTANTISM

(cont. from p. 1109)

sinking his roots in any community and establishing bonds of leadership, even if that were otherwise possible. Everything seems to conspire to make him a semi-detached "outsider" in his community and culture.

What happens? Most Protestant clergyman, and this would apply to today's so-called "fundamentalists" as well, are losing, or have lost, vital contact not only with the realities of national life but also with the authentic tradition of their faith. The pervasive religious liberalism of recent decades has left a deep mark. The Protestant minister, impatient with the old Biblical preaching, fills his shrinking time in the pulpit with the spouting of ideals and idealistic "social concerns." He becomes, in literal fact, an *ideal-monger*, who acquires a sense of significance by proclaiming ideals, often the more radical and illusory the better because such radicalism provides him with a spurious conviction of his own daring and allows him to detect a "prophetic" ring in the words he flings at the world. And, at conferences, when he gets to them, he is eager to pass the most extravagant resolutions, which no one reads or pays the least attention to.

What about the men in the pews? They are generally the solid businessmen, the professionals, and men of affairs of the community. Why don't they rise in protest against the radical absurdities constantly being proclaimed in sermons and resolutions? Sometimes, very rarely, some of them do, but not generally. How is this to be accounted for? It can only be explained by the strange, though perfectly intelligible, attitude of the man in the pews to what is said from the pulpit or at church conferences. The businessman, the man of affairs in the pews, knows that his workaday life is necessarily hard, morally dubious, sometimes involved in outright skulduggery, just short of illegality. This he cannot hide from himself even by the loudest protestations of "service." For him, Sunday morning is (as one of them put it) "like a hot bath," washing away the dirt and grime and preparing him for the coming week. He *wants* the preacher to spout ideals which, taken literally, he knows to be quite absurd. That's the preacher's proper business—ideal-mongering—and it helps to recondition the layman morally and spiritually. Of course, it never occurs to him to try to apply or im-

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plement in his everyday life the ideals the preacher so nobly proclaims; he doesn't even think that that is what the ideals are for. The function of an idealistic sermon he conceives to be very much like that of a hymn. No one nowadays pays attention to the words of a hymn; the hymn is sung for an elevating emotional effect. Similarly, very few pay any sustained attention to what the preacher says; the function of the sermon is to elevate, cleanse, and morally reinvigorate the layman, and that has little or nothing to do with the often harebrained ideals or programs actually advanced in the sermon. So, it is "A wonderful sermon, Reverend," and the week begins again.

That is what Protestantism, at least mainline Protestantism, has come to in this country. Having lost all confidence in the once living tradition of the faith, the Protestant minister lapses into ideal-mongering, passing ridiculous resolutions on everything in sight (so long as it does not touch ecclesiastical vested interests); and the layman in the pews tolerates it, often even welcomes it, because it serves a useful, indeed necessary, emotional function. I should mention that, of course, there are still many Protestant ministers, especially of the theologically more conservative brand, who do not (thank God!) quite fit this picture. And there are others who attempt to escape from the blind alley by going in for extraneous activities, such as generally quite amateurish psychological counseling. But, by and large, the picture fits.

And, yet, we ought not despair. The function that the layman sees in the ideal-mongering activities of the clerics is not without its use. And who knows, the God who can make the "wrath of men" to praise him (Ps.76.10) can surely bring something good out of the superficialities, intractabilities, and follies of contemporary Protestantism. □

BERKELEY

(cont. from p. 1116)

a room be assigned immediately for Cleaver to lecture in. And so, when the faculty filed out, proud of having done their duty by their children, the children jeered them. "Shame," they chanted. "Cowards." And the professors were bewildered. The pipes went out, the shoulders slumped again, and they hurried home, perhaps to think for the first time that day about what they had done. For now the door is open for the Regents to crack down, as most of the people in the state would like to see them do. And the New Leftists finally have their excuse to force mass campus confrontations.

President Charles Hitch, making an unusual appearance before the Senate earlier in the day, had delivered a telling argument for restraint. Pointing out that "with few exceptions, our moderate support throughout the State [has] disappeared," President Hitch said: "There is a widespread feeling that the University is somehow bent on its own destruction. I used to think that statements like this were fatuous, but I find now that over one course, or more accurately, over one man, there has risen an issue which really could destroy the University as we have known it."

The faculty did not show the restraint for which Hitch pleaded, and there is no doubt that the Regents will be angry. One consequence of this anger may well be a decision to take back the power they have over the years delegated to the professors, thus fulfilling the prophecy of President Hitch. For the professors, most of whom live comfortably in the Berkeley Hills, well isolated from the society for which they like to express concern, seem unable to distinguish between responsible free speech and the obscene rantings of a black demagogue. Many people believe that on October 3rd the professors demonstrated their inability to run their university. □

LETTERS

(cont. from p. 1095)

Never mind that most Greeks approve of their new way of life. We Americans don't like it.

Rochester, N.Y. DOROTHY LIVADAS

Neology

I was interested to read about Father Berrigan and his duck-blood ["Mrs. Murphy and the Number People," Oct. 22], but what the blazes is the meaning of the "bloviations" indulged in by Attorney William Kunstler?

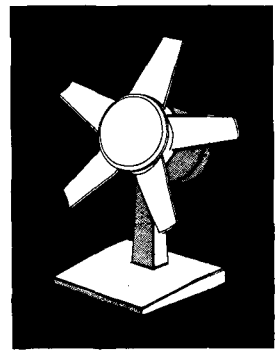
The Random House Dictionary gives *blouse, blouson, blousy, blow*. The New Imperial Reference Dictionary gives *blot, blotch, blouse, blow*. And a 1928 edition of the Concise Oxford Dictionary gives *blotch, blottesque* (well done, Oxford!), *blouse* and *blow*. But I'm blowed if I could find *bloviation* anywhere.

I believe you made the word up and it is nothing more than a lot of blatant blather.

Bless you.

Bronxville, N.Y. R.N. USHER-WILSON

Yes, we did *make it up—and don't think it was easy!* —ED.



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NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

A LITTLE OF WHAT YOU FANCY

COOKING WITH spices was a necessity before modern food-preservation methods started coming in, late in the nineteenth century and especially in the twentieth. Spices were needed to cover up the often moot taste of the food, due to questionable freshness. But they were also needed to pep up the monotonous diet of the times—and but for festive occasions, it *was* monotonous. This monotony was also true of the food of the immediate post-war period in Europe. I used to send food parcels to Germany and Italy, and the one thing people always asked for was pepper and other spices, but mostly, pepper. Black pepper has always been very precious. When Rome was sacked by the Goths in 408 A.D., King Alaric demanded, besides gold and silver, 3,000 pounds of pepper. And Genoa was set up as a commercial center in the Middle Ages when her people received more than 16,000 pounds of pepper as their share of the booty after one of the battles the Crusaders had won over the Moslems in the Holy Land. They sold it at a high price.

What is interesting is that our national consumption of spices is increasing by millions of pounds annually—244,382,288 pounds in 1967 against 206,425,762 pounds in 1966 and some fifteen million pounds less in 1965. Estimated domestic production of spices, herbs and dehydrated vegetables should bring the 1968 figure for spice consumption to more than 300 million pounds.

Equally interesting is the fact that spices are no longer the prerogative of the gourmet cook, the kind that insists on herbs plucked at dawn on Mount Hymettus, or, *faute de mieux*, grown in a *kulturni* herb garden on some stony acres in Connecticut. A glance at the spice shelves in any supermarket in far less *kulturni* habitats shows that citizens at large have embraced cooking with spices. I have an idea that this great rise in the nation's spice consumption is related also to the rise in convenience foods, the packaged, precooked, frozen or what-not vittles of which there are more and more. Given the wide variety of these foods, I find that they resemble each other in their flavor to an astonishing extent. I do not know for sure what this is due to, but I can imagine that the ingredients needed to preserve them may be responsible. Furthermore, convenience foods have to be bland to appeal to, or rather suit, the largest possible number of consumers. The judicious addition of a few suitable spices will certainly make these foods more palatable.

That is, if the use *is* judicious. Far too many cooks spice food much too variedly and heavily; to look at the spices in modern recipes is enough to make one giddy. This is where the friendly, kindly American spice industry has come in, inventing ready blends of spice combinations as well as seasoned salts.

Here is a short list of the new spice blends and seasoned salts. They are table salt blended with ground celery seeds, garlic, onion and dill. But they vary according to the grinder and packager, so that the cook who knows one brand should approach another in an experimental mood. Too, spice blends vary, and it is better to go easy at first.

CURRY POWDER is the oldest of spice blends. The main ingredients are ground ginger, coriander, turmeric, fenugreek seed, cloves, cinnamon, cumin seed, black and red pepper, used according to the manufacturer's individual formula to make it hot or less hot. *Chili Powder* is about a century old, and chili pepper is the main ingredient, plus cumin seed, ground oregano, powdered garlic and usually salt, though some grinders also put in ground cloves or allspice. *Poultry seasoning* is a blend of sage, thyme, marjoram and savory, and sometimes rosemary and other spices. *Mixed pickling spice* typically includes such whole spices as mustard seed, bay leaves, black and white peppercorns, dill seed, red peppers, ginger, cinnamon, mace, allspice, coriander seed and others. *Barbecue spice* is a blend that includes chili peppers, cumin, garlic, cloves, paprika, salt and sugar; this spice combination can vary greatly depending on who makes it. *Crab boil* or *shrimp spice,* to be added to the water in which seafoods are poached, is like pickling spice, but with more red pepper. *Seafood seasoning* is the same, but ground, for sauces. *Apple pie spice* mingles ground cloves, nutmeg or mace with allspice and ginger and cinnamon, the latter predominating. *Pumpkin pie spice* is a ground blend of cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves and ginger.

Then there are the combination seasonings. *Italian seasoning* is what the manufacturer thinks of as typical Italian flavor, achieved mainly with oregano, basil and rosemary and often red pepper and garlic as well. *Herb seasoning* is just that, varying according to the packer. And apart from all of these, there are any number of regional seasoning blends, hamburger and meatloaf seasoning, beef, steak, pork, ham or lamb seasonings and seasonings for chicken and turkey. Some come in small envelopes, just enough for two pounds of meat.

Spice blends certainly make for quick and easy seasoning, and also for uniformity of taste. They should be thought of as a general background flavor which can be varied to taste. More cayenne can be added to curry or chili powder, more chili pepper to barbecue spice, or more of anything one fancies, such as cinnamon to apple pie and basil to Italian seasoning.

One word of caution to all users of spice in whichever form. Ground spices and dried herbs do get stale and flavorless, and then they are no good. It is best always to buy the smallest container and even then, to throw it out when it has lost its fragrance. Considering what we do spend for food, it is ridiculous economy to save tired, elderly spices and ruin good food with them. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A meal or entertainment for which each person pays his own way	194 87 189 148 18 216 50 57 1 44
B. A type of seat for a rider on the back of a horse	19 180 83 143 30 45 160 171 210 89 178 199 70
C. *Mustela putorius*	42 65 184 90 2 71 52
D. A large quantity	35 16 121 68 214 106
E. Oleaster	133 122 20 88 79 105 31 95 166 156 195 47
F. Laying a burden on	159 192 145 100 32 108
G. *Choisya ternata*	69 137 153 127 17 51 66 33 169 176 80 102 186
H. Unscramble I VETO EM	84 97 107 3 206 34 144
I. A sister labors as the pope's messenger	96 217 72 59 4 112
J. A meliaceous tree yielding red wood used for furniture	124 5 119 85
K. Procuring	174 135 21 60 73 6 40 101 118
L. Created by the imagination	29 116 91 36 154 173 185 7 43 211
M. An insect that cannot fly but doesn't know it and flies anyhow (Br.)	168 114 138 198 61 190 203 161 49
N. An unguent	181 9 74 212 155 53 128 167
O. To sell at a lower price or work for a lower wage than another	201 182 81 10 22 139 109 172
P. One of the pope's protectors	58 175 37 147 115 75 170 23 213 191
Q. What Cornelius was a centurion of (Acts 10:1)	104 24 152 123 82 98 120 55 183 207 14
R. Russian actress (1879-1945) in U.S.	117 197 157 25 141 86 38 62
S. Any of a group of inflammable mixtures	46 218 39 110 129 76 92 202 146
T. Staying out of war by remaining strong gives us this	8 26 151 165 187 132 130 179 215 200
U. A version of anything presented to the public	158 103 125 12 163 134 27
V. A state of the U.S. named for a British admiral	142 13 41 48 93 56 126 162 188 193 196 204
W. Surpassed in execution or performance	28 77 63 54 140 150 219
X. Name of a style of popular "music" and of a dance performed to it	209 15 113 99 149 11 131 177 67 78 136
Y. Lunch (Br.)	164 64 208 111 94 205

See page 1131 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 A	2 C	3 H	4 I	5 J	6 K	7 L	8 T	9 N	10 O	11 X	12 U	13 V	14 Q		15 X
16 D	17 G	18 A	19 B	20 E	21 K	22 O	23 P	24 Q	25 R	26 T	27 U		28 W	29 L		30 B	31 E
32 F	33 G	34 H	35 D	36 L	37 P	38 R	39 S		40 K	41 V	42 C	43 L	44 A	45 B		46 S	47 E
48 V	49 M	50 A	51 G	52 C	53 N	54 W		55 Q	56 V		57 A	58 P	59 I	60 K	61 M	62 R	63 W
64 Y	65 C	66 G		67 X	68 D		69 G	70 B	71 C	72 I	73 K	74 N	75 P	76 S	77 W	78 X	
79 E	80 G	81 O	82 Q	83 B	84 H	85 J	86 R	87 A	88 E		89 B	90 C	91 L	92 S	93 V	94 Y	95 E
96 I	97 H	98 Q	99 X	100F	101K	102G		103U	104Q	105E	106D	107H	108F	109Q	110S		111Y
112I	113X	114M	115P	116L	117R	118K		119J	120Q		121D	122E	123O	124J	125U	126V	127G
128N	129S	130T	131X		132T	133E	134U	135K	136X	137G	138M	139Q	140W	141R	142V	143B	144H
145F	146S	147P		148A	149X	150W		151T	152Q	153G	154L	155N	156E	157R	158U		159F
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The Doubts About Agnew

On The Right

New York, Oct. 24—Spiro Agnew has become the gravamen of the anti-Nixonites' case these days, what with the exemplary performance of Mr. Nixon, with which they are finding it difficult to take plausible exception. So that the case against Agnew is being diligently pursued, with heaviest emphasis on his so-called bloopers, which are on the order of calling an old and apparently obese reporter friend of his a "fat Jap," minutes before—or was it after?—a jovial reference to the "Polack" vote.

For these acts of genocide Mr. Agnew was made to eat crow although he managed somewhere in his recantation to wonder out loud whether the United States was losing its sense of humor (it isn't), whereas he should have wondered whether the critics of Mr. Nixon aren't simply on the prowl to make a heavy case against Mr. Nixon's associate, Spiro Agnew.

What is the quality of his public performance, leaving aside his ethnic diction? His most recent nationwide appearance was on "Face the Nation," where he was bearded by three toughies who went after him with zest. The best Agnew could do on the eternal question of why-doesn't-Nixon-debate-with-Humphrey, was so's your old man. A not ineffective answer publicly, though of course at root it is evasive, since it is obvious that Mr. Nixon does not want to debate with Mr. Humphrey, plain and simple.

AGNEW SCORED by pointing to Democratic behavior in analogous circumstances. "Let's go back to '64, when the Democratic candidate didn't want to debate the Republican because he was so far ahead." To drive the point nearer to home, Agnew wondered why Humphrey, believing as firmly as he apparently does in debates, refused Senator McCarthy and Senator McGovern when they pleaded with him to debate before the Chicago convention.

And then he was asked, did he believe "that the civil rights revolution has gone too fast in the last five years and that it is time for something of a pause?"

He came back fast. "You know, that is a very interesting phrase you used, when you said 'civil rights revolution.' . . . I don't think the civil rights movement has gone too far, but I think the civil rights revolution went too far the day the revolution began, and by that I mean the lawbreaking that has been cooked up and rationalized and excused and condoned to some extent by my Vice-Presidential opponent (as for instance when the media reported him as saying that 'it is all right to break the law as long as you are willing to pay the penalty.')"

Why, if he is so good on civil rights, did the NAACP vote no confidence in him? Simple, said Agnew: the NAACP is practically 100 per cent Democrat. Well, was he qualified for the highest office? Agnew cited his extensive background in state government, adding, "President Johnson appointed me to the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, so he must have had some confidence in my ability." And oh yes, "I have taught law school for seven years."

Well, but what about foreign policy? Ask me about it, he said. Go ahead: ask me. Hmmm. Bombing pause? Not unless the enemy makes a conciliatory movement, absolutely not. Well, then, doesn't he back Johnson, in this respect, more even than Humphrey backs Johnson? "Well," said the Governor, "that is not what the Vice President says. He says he defends it [Johnson's Vietnam policy] wholeheartedly because, after all, it is his record, too."

Q. "He is also saying he is going to move in new directions, if he is elected."

Agnew: "He is moving in every direction."

Let's face it, Mr. Agnew is the only spontaneous thing in town, and I like that. His instincts are gloriously unprogrammed, and I like that, too. There are those who believe that Mr. Nixon appointed Mr. Agnew as a sort of personal life insurance. No one, they reason, will pop off President Nixon while Vice President Agnew is around. There is a view, and I share it, that in Mr. Agnew, Nixon found a high deposit of some of the best American ore lying around: toughness, sincerity, decent-mindedness, decisiveness—much of what, after a fair amount of exposure, went into making Harry Truman a relatively happy national memory. □

CAMPAIGN NOTES

New York, Oct. 20—Hubert Humphrey is getting a little rattled. It is now impossible, whereas yesterday it was only almost-impossible, to know what his true position is on bombing North Vietnam. Really, it requires a grim self-transcendence to call Mr. Nixon "shifty" under the circumstances. I can count five distinct positions Mr. Humphrey has taken on the bombing in the last three months. Students of the subject could no doubt better that, and it is certainly predictable that future schoolboy examinations will not include the question, "Answer, true or false, did Hubert Humphrey advocate unilateral cessation of the bombing when he ran for President in 1968?" Or perhaps, in our permissive age, the question will be used. It is a fine student-coddler, because both answers are correct.

IT DOES TAKE a lot of gall, does it not; and politicians are really wonderful, I mean wonderful. Here is Hubert Humphrey calling George Wallace and Curtis LeMay the "Bombsey Twins." Now in the first place, George Wallace has no foreign policy. It is not established that he even knows where foreign policy is. When the time came a couple of weeks ago to announce a foreign policy, he ran in one of those stock foreign policy positions which might have appeared in the *New York Times* Sunday Magazine as the seasonal article by Barbara Ward. Curtis LeMay believes that bombs should be used when the exclusive alternative is surrender. If Mr. Humphrey believes otherwise, he should certainly declare himself in what would prove to be an apopemptic utterance. But to refer to others as the Bombsey Twins when he

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has gleefully participated along with Mr. Johnson in dropping more bombs on North Vietnam than the generals of the Allied Powers managed to drop on all of Europe during a five-year war is, well—Jews have a wonderful word for it, but I forget what it is.

As for Mr. Nixon, he is doing all right. It was good for him that Congress did not act so as to give the networks the right to exclude Wallace and to stage a two-way debate. Good because he is ahead, and it would make no sense at all, from his point of view, to jeopardize what after all he believes to be the national interest—his own election—on a single forensic encounter with a highly hopped-up opponent who would be willing to gamble a great deal.

The failure of Congress to act in 1964 in a similar situation—candidate Barry Goldwater had challenged Lyndon Johnson to debate—was conspicuously the work of our old friend Hubert Humphrey. That, of course, makes it a little bit more difficult for Mr. Humphrey to press the point. A little bit more difficult but not impossible, because, as we have seen, Mr. Humphrey finds no inconsistency impossible.

Mr. Nixon, meanwhile, is said to be studying the report brought in from Europe by William Scranton, who went over there under the regal auspice of shadow-foreign-minister. There are those who say that Mr. Nixon's rejection of Nelson Rockefeller for Secretary of State, if indeed that rejection has been done, was due to Mr. Nixon's desire to be the incontestably controlling voice in the foreign policy of his own Administration. The hypothetical conversation went something like this: "Look, Nelson, I want to act as my own Secretary of State. Therefore I'm going to name Scranton."

Actually, Scranton is a tough hombre, though his views on foreign policy are not widely known, and indeed may not be closely formulated. He is said to have reported back from his trip in Europe that our cousins over there desire above all that the United States put its domestic house in order, restore tranquility, and achieve unity among the races, and that we continue to pay the major cost of the defense of Europe.

CONSIDERING the recent riots in Madrid-Rome-Berlin, considering the explosions in France, considering the explicitly racist policies of the government of Great Britain directed against colored immigration, one can only conclude that Europe, like Humphrey, has developed the faculty of finding in others exactly those faults which are flagrantly one's own. But it is nice to have the advice, and Mr. Scranton should report back that we shall certainly take it into consideration. □

HATE AMERICA DOWN MEXICO WAY

New York, Oct. 26—There is sympathy for two American athletes who were expelled from the Olympic community for attempting to turn their participation in the Games into a demonstration against their country. It isn't surprising that there was such sympathy, if only because nowadays it is not surprising that there is sympathy for anyone. The question is: Should we sympathize with the sympathizers?

There is a sense in which we have all been encouraged to politicalize the Olympic games. Although its director, Avery Brundage, has throughout his lifetime implored us to exclude politics from sports, in fact we have not done so. There are very good arguments for not doing so, e.g. Sir Arnold Lunn's. He says that when there is abundant evidence of the systematic persecution of a people whether on account of race or religion or economic class or whatever, the oppressor government ought to be excluded.

Buckley

Sir Arnold has been quite consistent, as when he asked that the Nazis be excluded, after information had come in concerning the persecution of Jews. Nowadays, it is of course fashionable only to recoil against such oppressions as involve whites against blacks, so that the South Africans were excluded, even though they had nominated a fully integrated team. Subsequent proposals to exclude the Soviet Union after the rape of Czechoslovakia were hardly even noticed. The Russians and their slaves are emotionally unmolested in Mexico, while the Americans are publicly provoked by some of its athletes and one wonders, truly, one wonders, whether the moral gyroscope is permanently off-kilter.

A young Englishman came by recently, a journalist, who was recently in Czechosolvakia, and more recently in California. He has a way of putting things. Have you noticed—he asked—how oddly the New American Conscience is working? I asked him to explain. Well, he said, a few days after the Russian army occupied Czechoslovakia, he noticed in California papers tiny little two-inch ads deploring the end of Czechoslovakian freedom and of the politics of détente, and great big full-page ads deploring the limited freedom of Californian homosexuals. "It seems to me," he said, with the heavy meiosis for which the British are renowned, "that that says something—or does it? —about America's capacity to understand what is important?" It does.

Not that the English are the best teachers. Take for instance Graham Greene, the novelist. Extremely important, inasmuch as he is a Catholic, and hence presumptively a conservative; and besides he is a consecrated moralizer, hence someone whom one would expect to be standing at-the-ready to come to the aid of any institutional victim.

Mr. Greene wrote even before the Russians invaded Czechoslovakia that he is "an admirer of the Soviet Union and an admirer of the Communist system." (*Encounter*, June 1968, p. 62). Greene may be the only person in the Western world about whom Spiro Agnew could safely say, under the circumstances, that he is soft on Communism. However, Mr. Greene went on to point out that he disapproved the Soviet Union's persecution of Daniel and Sinyavsky, a piece of naiveté on the order of approving of Hitler Germany and the Nazi system, but disapproving the persecution of Einstein.

ANYWAY, Greene tried to turn over his Soviet royalties to the wives of Daniel and Sinyavsky. First he instructed his publishers, and they said no, they had no right to turn over the money. Then he asked a friend on the Supreme Soviet to take care of the matter, and said friend wrote back a letter which even Mr. Greene recognized as ice-like. But is is no doubt the supreme example of the dilettante that Mr. Greene should in the same article in which he related his failure to come to the aid of Daniel and Sinyavsky, reiterate his admiration of "the Communist system."

That kind of thing becomes an international life-style. Meanwhile, the truly oppressed stand silent. The young Russian and Polish and Bulgarian and Chinese and Rumanian athletes keep their hands down, knowing that if they raised them in demonstration against true tyranny, they would next be raising them to plead with the firing squads. Meanwhile, the persecution is of America. Asked to name in one word what he loathes, Greene once answered, "America." Truly, America has borne our griefs and my heart goes out to her. □

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Campaign sidebars: **Richard Nixon** reportedly has hired 30 ex-FBI men to police polling booths in certain Chicago wards and certain other Points Venal in Texas, Pennsylvania and Missouri. . . . Prof. **Eldridge Cleaver** told that class at Berkeley that anyone who votes for any Presidential candidate (except Cleaver himself) is "committing a crime against humanity." . . . *Long Beach* (Calif.) *Press Telegram* tried to pull a fasty on **Max Rafferty** in flamboyant story charging he was once a UCLA student agitator, "Just What He's Fighting Now." What Rafferty was fighting against in his student days it turns out was Communist agitators on campus. . . . **Fair Campaign Practices Committee** is urging all news media not to report unsupported political charges in last five days of the campaign, when it is often too late for the accused to defend himself.

■ As the ADA sees it: only two Republicans out of eleven senators to score 86 or better in second session of 90th Congress were **Clifford Case** (N.J.), 100, and **Jacobs Javits** (N.Y.), 86; the other nine were Democrats. Only senators outside the South to score 0 were: **Hickenlooper** (Iowa), **Young** (N.D.), **Mundt** (S.D.) and **Bennett** (Utah). . . . Sen. **Joseph Clark** (Pa.), who has best voting record by ADA standards of any senator now up for election—he has a 99 per cent ADA cumulative liberal quotient—is in serious trouble, could well lose to Rep. **Richard Schweiker**. . . . Also in a squeaker, Oregon's **Wayne Morse**, who in last *Portland Oregonian* poll was only 1 percentage point ahead of **Robert Packwood**, with 11 per cent still undecided. Morse, who beat out **Robert Duncan** in the Democratic primary in May by only 10,000 votes, is running plenty scared. . . . **Edgar Eisenhower** very active in campaign by former U.S. amateur golf champion **Jack Metcalf** to upset liberal Democrat **Warren Magnuson** in Washington. Eisenhower is hitting hard on Magnuson's support for trade with East European satellites. This is popular issue since Czechoslovakia—but probably not popular enough to turn the trick for the Metcalf camp.

■ Important Communist parties in Western Europe splitting up over Russian move on Prague. . . . **Jeannette Thorez-Vermeersch**, widow of former French CP leader **Maurice Thorez**, has resigned from French Politburo charging unorthodoxy, is taking some of her

pro-Kremlin followers along. . . . In Sweden a Stalinist segment of the local CP also is threatening to break away. The Swedish Party, under the leadership of **C. H. Hermansson**, condemned the Russian move. . . . Czech novelist **Ladislav Mnacko**, now living in Vienna, predicts that **Alexander Dubcek** and **Ludvik Svoboda** will soon be bounced and possibly arrested. . . . Watch for major scandal in Germany touched off by suicide of Rear Admiral **Hermann Luedke**. Luedke was third high-ranking German military man to kill himself in ten days; all are believed to have been implicated in Soviet espionage against NATO. . . . Just two weeks earlier Italian counter-intelligence men rounded up a number of **Russian spies** working in the Italian war ministry. . . . China also having troubles with Russian intelligence. A Red Guard newspaper that reached Hong Kong reports that **Mao Tse-tung**'s home and office were positively saturated with Russian-made listening and monitoring devices. . . . This may be the reason for renewed troop activity along the **Chinese-Mongolian border** that Japanese intelligence has recently reported. . . . According to *Aviation Week and Space Technology* the Russians launched Cosmos 246 on Oct. 7 on a new orbit that would take it over Cape Kennedy in order to have a skyview of the **Apollo 7** blastoff. A Soviet spy ship was lurking in the splashdown area when the astronauts were picked up by the *Essex* last Tuesday.

■ Intelligence notes in the book field: Why did the British publisher of **Kim Philby**'s *My Silent War* (introduction by **Graham Greene**) announce a first printing of 15,000 on Sept. 23 and withdraw the book without any explanation on October 4? And who actually wrote **Drew Pearson**'s novel, *The Senator*, Pearson himself or **Gerald Green**? A note in *Saturday Review* says Green got incredible $150,000 for supposedly writing the book. . . .

■ NASA has decided to name its new Apollo spacecraft, which will carry a six-to-nine-man crew and be able to stay in orbit a year or two, the "**Man Orbiting Module**," on the grounds that no one will vote against funds for **MOM.**

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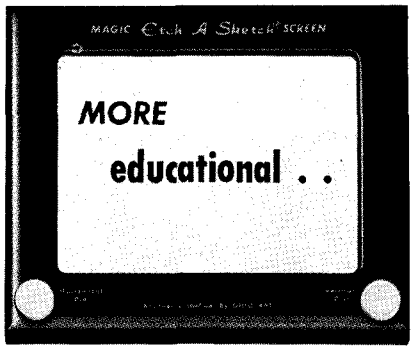

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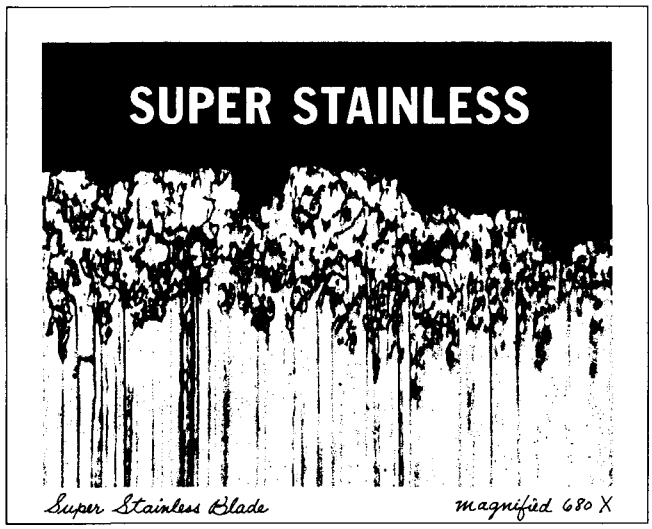
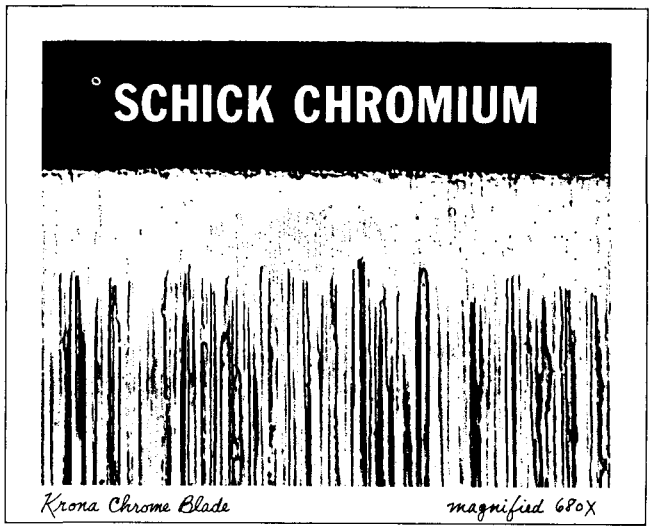


All super stainless blades are subject to corrosion. This, for instance, is a section of a super stainless edge with a plastic coating, after five shaves, magnified 680 times. It's rough, pitted, corroded.



This is a section of the new Krona-Chrome plastic-coated chromium edge after five shaves, magnified 680 times. As you can see, chromium more effectively resists blade breakdown due to corrosion.

Only Schick Krona-Chrome® has the chromium edge.

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